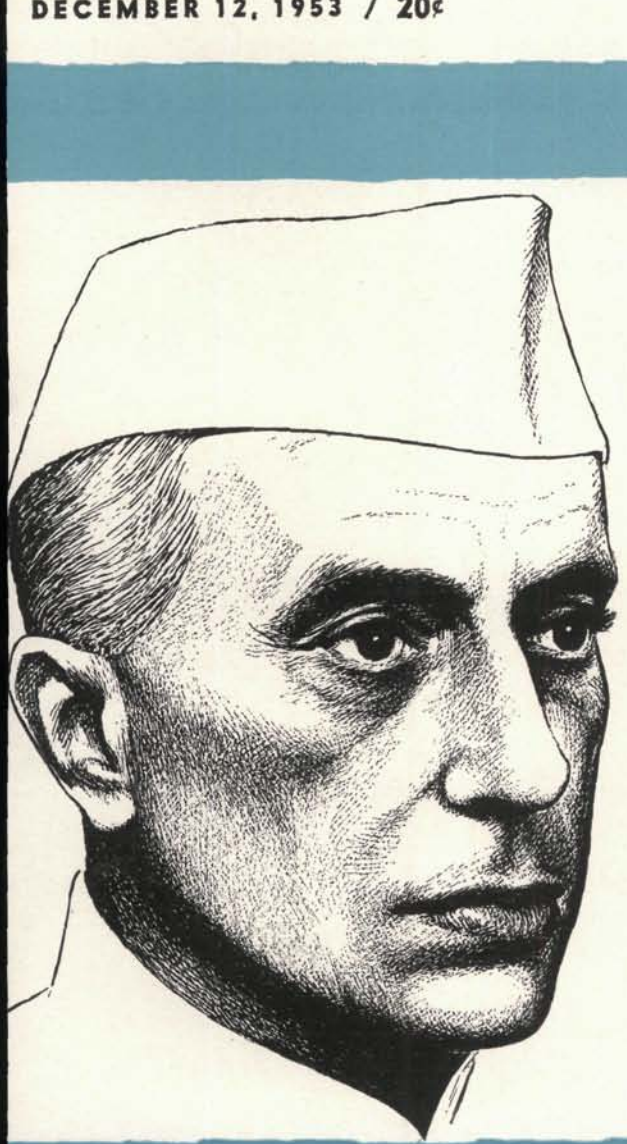
CHRISTMAS POLL OF THE YEAR'S BEST RECORDINGS

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 12, 1953 / 20¢



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU OF INDIA: *"Man will survive . . . Whether one can justify that by reasoning or not, one has an inner feeling that it must happen."*

MOHAMMED ALI OF PAKISTAN: *"What a nation does at the United Nations Review Conference in 1955 will determine its true position on world peace."*

ASIAN CONVERSATIONS: A SPECIAL SECTION

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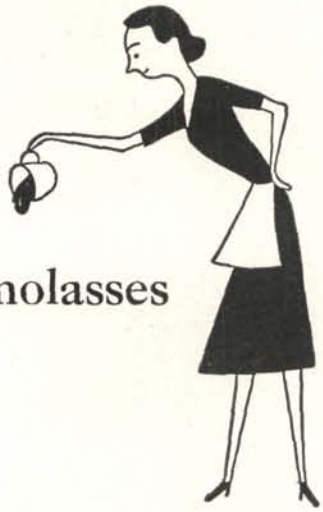
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



How to pour molasses out of a cup

The first woman who greased the cup before measuring molasses deserves a small but appropriate medal for ingenuity. Likewise, the first man who thought to tape an emergency key under his car hood. Or whoever first sprinkled salt on an icy sidewalk. Or whoever first had the happy thought to warm a knife before cutting fruitcake.

In case you think all pesky problems center around the home, try soldering the connections on a radio. Or suppose you try assembling the bits and pieces of an automatic toaster.

If you did it for a living, you'd be on the lookout for better ways of working. That's for sure. In our family, a General Electric man or woman who finds an easier way to work a tool, to tighten a belt, or pack a parcel may win the price of a new hat, or a suit, or maybe even win the price of a new car.

Our sugar bowl marked "Cash for Suggestions" has been hit for over $4,600,000 by employees in past years. Last year, over 27,000 suggestions were accepted and rewarded. This has been going on since way back in 1922.

As we write this, an order clerk in our Schenectady plant has just won himself a tidy $4,800. His bright idea was a better way to use copper in motors and generators. By the way, we asked him how he planned to use the money. A new well on the family farm would be first, he said. The old well ran dry.

You get something extra out of this, too. You want products that give a pedigreed performance, do more, behave better. Thousands of thoughtful people backstage add their bit to our production efficiency. And only an efficient company can hope to deliver something extra in the package.

You can put your confidence in—

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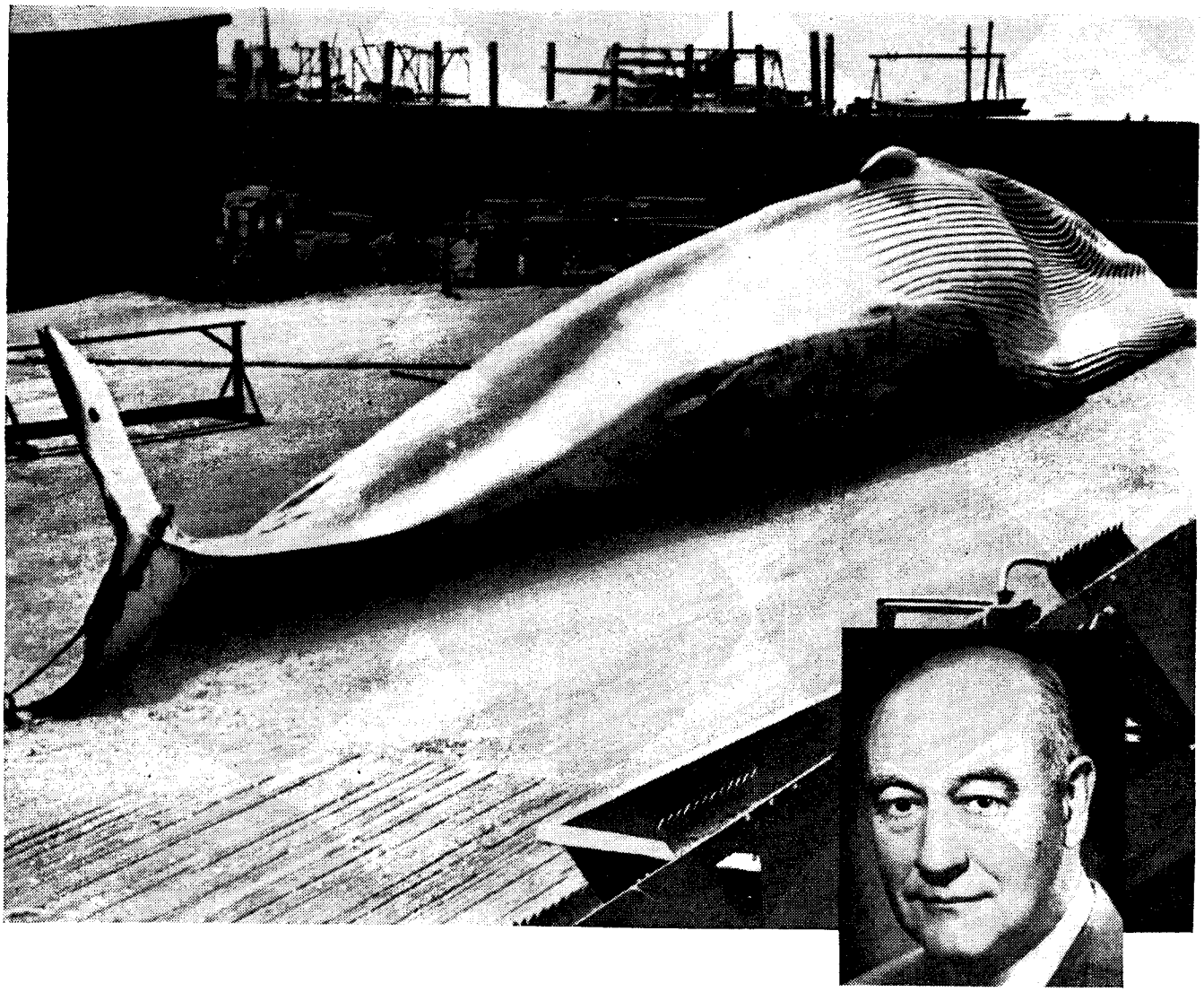

The Man Who "Milked" a Whale

He knows whales better than their own mothers do—he actually "milked" a whale to find out that whale's milk looks like cow's milk but is "too strong tasting to be pleasant." We refer to that famous explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews.

His life-long interest in whales and his own observations of them led the editors to ask Dr. Andrews to write the article on "Whale" for World Book Encyclopedia. Which he did—including many strange facts, such as that whales' ancestors once walked on land and today these mammals still have remnants of legs—they have no sense of smell and no outer ears—they would drown if kept under water. "Whale" in World Book is informational, extremely interesting and authentic.

This is typical of the way World Book Editors work. More than 1400 scholars and specialists—all experts in their own particular fields—have contributed articles to World Book. These are then carefully checked for accuracy, readability, and completeness. Only then are they approved for publication.

Little wonder that World Book, year after year, continues to remain first choice of America's schools and libraries.

WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

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Lee Grove has a theory about books on the Civil War.

¶ He believes that books written from the South's point of view are more popular than those about the North because the South was a defeated, occupied nation, and Americans (even in the North) are sentimentally inclined to side with the underdog.

¶ Lee is an editor with the Oxford University Press and former book editor of the Washington *Post*. He knows and likes good books, and he is a special fan of writing about the Civil War.

¶ I have a new book about the North which ought to meet Lee's approval, because it is good writing and also about an underdog.

¶ It is Bruce Catton's "A Stillness at Appomattox," the story of the Army of the Potomac, an army which got up off the floor and made a final-round comeback to win.

¶ It is the story of good soldiers in a good army, cursed with inept generals with names like Hooker, Burnside, Pope and Butler, which finally found its own strength and marched to victory under Grant and Sheridan.

¶ It is a book of history which reads like—well, like really good history.

¶ And if a book about the North will appeal to someone named Lee, then there just shouldn't be anybody who doesn't like it.

¶ Especially with Christmas right at hand. For this book may not fit into a stocking, but it certainly goes well on anyone's good reading shelf.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Bruce Catton's "A Stillness at Appomattox" is complete in itself, and is also the concluding volume in Mr. Catton's trilogy on the Army of the Potomac. The first volumes, "Mr. Lincoln's Army" and "Glory Road" are equally good writing and reading. All three volumes are published by Doubleday and Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

The opinions of Lee Grove expressed here are not necessarily those of the Oxford University Press.

(Advertisement)

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SR's Library Poll

TWO titles make their appearance on *The Saturday Review*'s library poll for the first time this week: "I Led Three Lives," by Herbert Philbrick, and "Life Is Worth Living," by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Close students of newspapers may suspect there is some connection between the headlines during the past fortnight and the sudden reappearance of the Philbrick book, originally published almost two years ago.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
5. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)
6. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
7. **Désirée**
   by Annemarie Selinko (F)
8. **Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female**
   by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
9. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)
10. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
11. **Beyond This Place**
    by A. J. Cronin (F)
12. **The Adventures of Augie March**
    by Saul Bellow (F)
13. **The Unconquered**
    by Ben Ames Williams (F)
14. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
15. **Lord Vanity**
    by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
16. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)
17. **The Robe**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
18. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert Philbrick (G)
19. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)
20. **Life Is Worth Living**
    by Fulton J. Sheen (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Milwaukee (Wis.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D. C.).

* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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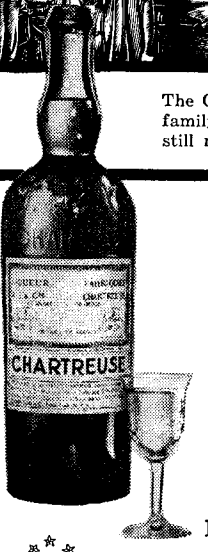

In all the world, only two Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France know the secret formula of Chartreuse Liqueur. But connoisseurs the world over know its distinctive taste and its reputation as the "Queen of Liqueurs."

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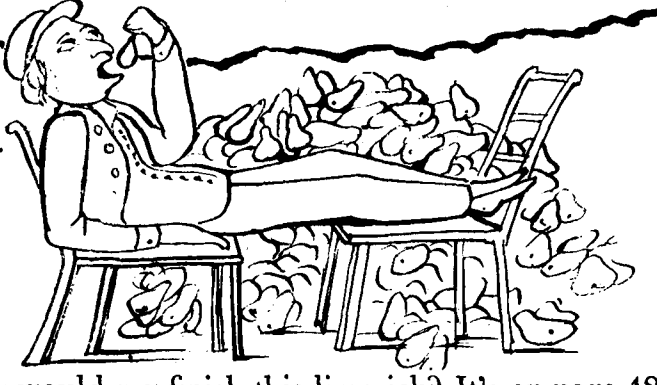
There was an old man of Girgenti,
Who lived in profusion and plenty . . .



How would *you* finish this limerick? It's on page 48 of

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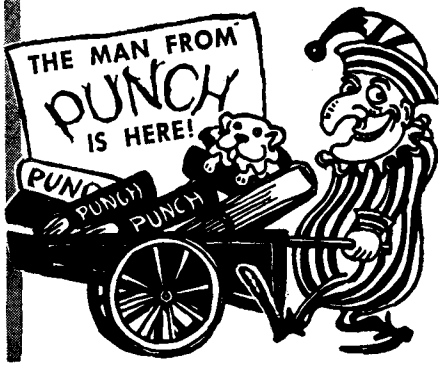


TRADE Winds

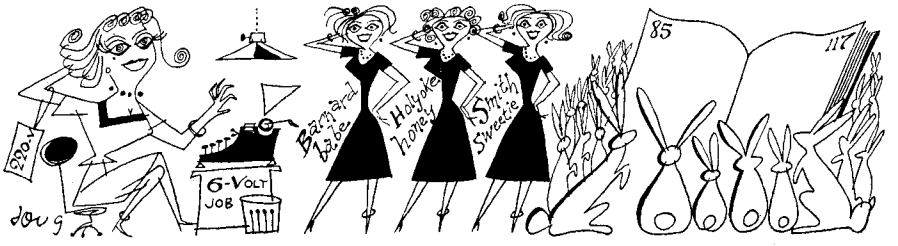
UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES—and particularly at Yuletide—the conductor of this column, as most everybody knows, is the mildest, most even-tempered, and undemanding of citizens, immune to the cholers that seem to wrack so many of his contemporary gazeteers. Some days ago, however, Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, advertising director of Gimbel's, speaking at a luncheon sponsored by *Mademoiselle* magazine, destroyed his equanimity completely with a blockbuster aimed at the very foundation of the publishing industry.

Miss Fitz-Gibbon's insidious attack began on a deceptive note of pleasant badinage. "What the college girl graduate of today needs," she cooed, "is more sex appeal and less shorthand" —a platform which no reasonably honest male employer would deny. "Preoccupation with pulchritude on the part of the employer may not be noble and high-minded," she continued, "but you can't fight sex. Girls' colleges might even develop a few slogans to put over their more exciting products, such as 'Holyoke's Hottest—Handle with Asbestos Gloves,' or 'Barnard Babes Have the Equipment,' or 'Smith Girls Are Girlier Girls.' Don't waste a 220-volt female in a 6-volt job. She should have the 'lush, posh' positions until the day she marries and retires."

Miss Fitz-Gibbon neglected to add that that 'day' usually comes along in about three months, or just about the time the 220-volt number is beginning to learn the fundamentals of her lush, posh position. But it was her next pronouncement that caused all the trouble.

"The only reason college placement officers send attractive graduates to fusty, dusty publishing houses and museums," asserted Miss Fitz-Gibbon, "is because of their American Puritanical background. They think the harder, duller, and more unremunerative a job is the more respectable it must be. I don't agree. There's nothing immoral about getting into the big money. The high-voltage girls should be steered right into retail advertising and merchandising."

Now see here, Miss Fitz-Gibbon! We'd like to have an impartial committee investigate the working conditions, salaries, and daily routines of a group of girls at a typical department store—Gimbel's will do—and then at a half dozen representative publishing houses. Let *them* tell us where conditions are "fustiest" and "mustiest," and which group of high-voltage girls is having the better time out of life! Furthermore, Miss Fitz-Gibbon is hereby invited to come up to our own Random House and sing her siren song to any of the attractive girl graduates we've smuggled into the premises. If she can lure a single one of them away into her feverish, regimented, ulcer-provoking retail advertising and merchandising warrens I'll be a broken-hearted, blue-behinded baboon.

IN HIS "LEXICON OF MUSICAL INVECTIVE" Nicolas Slonimsky tells of a time when composer Max Reger felt that a derogatory critic in Munich had overstepped all bounds and wrote him as follows: "Sir: I am sitting in the smallest room of my house. I have your review before me. In a moment it will be behind me." . . . The *AFL News-Reporter*, no fervent admirer of the current Secretary of Agriculture, suggests: "The opportunity to break up the New York Yankees at last has presented itself: put Mr. Benson in charge of their farm system!" . . . Jim Farrell's Studs Lonigan, handy with his dukes from the start, comes of age this month: the first volume of his saga appeared just twenty-one years ago . . . The Santa Ana Book Store had to take back a copy of "Rabbit Raising for Profit." "The pages," protested the customer, "jump from 85 to 117." Exactly what did he expect from a rabbit? . . . Dick Randall's suggested epitaph for King Ibn Saud: "He quit while he was Ibn." . . . Author Mike Connolly hired a new maid who swore that her name

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was Rippling Waters Liebowitz. He believed her, too, when he caught her cooking matzoth balls in buffalo fat. . . . Jack Benny writes that a friend has found the cure for Los Angeles smog at last. He's moved to Dallas.

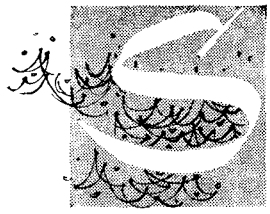
DEATH CAME THIS WEEK at last to Eugene O'Neill, who had awaited it impatiently so long. His youth and middle age were a song of wild, exciting adventure and great accomplishments in the drama, his last years a tragedy more searing than any he ever recounted in his plays. Some day—but not now—his full story will be set down for all to read. In the interim may he rest in the peace he so richly deserves!

IN JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, Arthur Roalman, of the Parker Pen Company, likes to recite a jingle he clipped from the *Minneapolis Star*. It goes, "You try to write/No ink will trickle;/Put pen in pocket,/and instantly it'll." "This applies exclusively to the pens of competitors," Mr. Roalman adds hastily, "and not to the Parker 51." . . . In London, University of Washington's ubiquitous librarian, Harry Bauer, encountered a lady who had one son creating new exhibits for Mme. Tussaud's Wax Museum, another selling meat in a neighborhood butcher shop. "The next time you tell the story," she was advised by punconscious Bauer, "say that one son's waxing while the other's weigh'n." . . .

NO MORE INTREPID BAND OF GAMBLERS exists in all the land than the fringe-producers of Broadway plays—especially when they're gambling with other people's money. It's one thing to wangle an interest in a production by pros like Rodgers, Hammerstein, Hayward, Logan, Crouse, Lindsay, Hart, Gordon, and the like. Theirs is an exclusive circle virtually impossible to enter. It's another to become an "angel" for some arty production where the chances against recouping even your original investment are about a hundred to one.

I was reminded of all this when a gent whose name I scarcely recognized phoned me the other evening and extended the privilege of investing in a play he means to produce as soon as others provide an adequate bankroll. When I told him that all the members of our firm had an ironclad agreement to confine our speculations to book publishing, and leave Broadway drama to others, he became sarcastic indeed, and sneered, "I thought you were a friend of the drama." I hadn't realized it was necessary to finance him on demand before qualifying in that regard.

There's a good reason why I grow



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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

We have just published **The Opening of the California Trail,** edited with an introduction and notes, embellished with maps and illustrations, by George R. Stewart, author of *Storm, Fire, Earth Abides,* and others. There are 128 pages and the price is $2.75.

Mr. Stewart tells us: "I have been interested in the Stevens Party ever since 1932 when I began working on the Donner Party. The result of my work on the latter was *Ordeal by Hunger.* To write a similar book about the Stevens Party, however, was not possible, because many details are lacking, and because the details that are preserved are chiefly contained in a single source. I have therefore thought it best to reprint this source and to bring out its important historical significance by means of the Introduction and Notes rather than to write my own story . . ."

The narrative Overland in 1844 is the most important part of the book. It is the reminiscences of Moses Schallenberger, a seventeen-year-old boy who spent the winter alone at Donner Lake because he was not physically able to complete the journey. He lived on foxes which he trapped. Unfortunately his first catch was not a fox but a coyote. "I soon had his hide off," says Schallenberger, "and his flesh roasted in a Dutch oven. I ate this meat, but it was horrible. I next tried boiling him, but it did not improve the flavor. I cooked him in every possible manner my imagination, spurred by hunger, could suggest, but could not get him into a condition where he could be eaten without revolting my stomach. But for three days this was all I had to eat. On the third night I caught two foxes. I roasted one of them, and the meat, though entirely devoid of fat, was delicious."

We have just seen the second brochure to be mailed out on **The Sermons of John Donne,** and, if anything, it is more beautiful than the first. If you wish to see a copy, please request it from the Sales Department.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

Advertisement

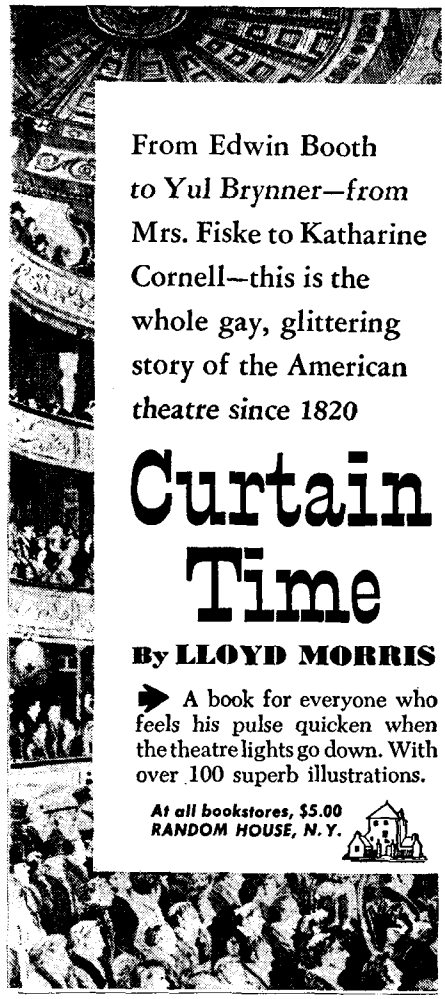
cautious at mere mention of investing in a Broadway play. I saw my former boss, Horace Liveright, first lose control of a fine publishing house, and later go broke entirely by neglecting a business he understood and trying to beat others at their own game. It almost never works.

LIVERIGHT ACTUALLY SHOWED A PROFIT on his first theatrical venture—but that merely whetted his appetite. The play was Eddie Mayer's "The Firebrand," with Joseph Schildkraut playing the leading role of Benvenuto Cellini, and two actors in the supporting cast who were destined for the glory road. One was Edward G. Robinson, the other Frank Morgan. The party in Liveright's office after the opening was still going strong when his editors reported for work the following morning. In order to get at a manuscript he was revising Tommy Smith had to sweep off his desk three bottle openers, a girdle, and a singer from Barney Gallant's Greenwich Village night club.

Liveright's second foray in the Broadway lists was something else again. It was "Hamlet in Modern Dress," and despite much high-pressure publicity it lost a bundle. The rest of the Liveright bankroll went down the drain in an ill-starred attempt to fashion "The Firebrand" into a musical. (Years later Max Gordon fell into the same booby trap.) When the wreckage had cleared away, Liveright's disillusioned authors had fled to other publishers, and his backlist had fallen into the hands of former employes. The forlorn Liveright took to wandering aimlessly about the premises that still bore his name —until one of the new proprietors stopped him in the reception room one morning and declared, "I'll have to ask you to stop hanging around here, Horace. It's bad for the morale of the staff." Liveright blanched, then walked blindly toward the door. A few weeks later he was dead. Of all my recollections of the publishing business this is the most tragic.

MANY ALUMNI OF THE FANTASTIC Liveright book-publishing operation have gone on to bigger and better things —people like Ted Weeks, Lillian Hellman, Saxe Cummins, Louis Kronenberger, and a dozen others. One of the outstanding success stories of them all concerns Dick Simon, of Simon and Schuster. And it is to Dick's own recollections of the beginning of a decisive factor in modern-day publishing—Pocket Books—that practically the whole of next week's TRADE WINDS will be devoted.

—BENNETT CERF.



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by LESLIE CHARTERIS

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 12, 1953

ASIAN CONVERSATIONS

. . . *A Report of Tape-Recorded Talks with Jawaharlal Nehru and Mohammed Ali*

BEGINNING on the next page *The Saturday Review* publishes the text of tape-recorded conversations with Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, of Pakistan, and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, of India. These recordings were made recently in Karachi and New Delhi, in that order. In each case the subjects of the interviews answered questions extemporaneously; no advance list of questions was required or submitted.

The recording with Prime Minister Mohammed Ali took place in one of the studios of Radio Pakistan, the Government broadcasting system. The interview with Prime Minister Nehru was tape-recorded on a portable unit in his Government office.

The Saturday Review is publishing these transcripts, first of all, because the Indo-Pak subcontinent is pivotal in the affairs of Asia; and the changing face of Asia today may be the prime historical fact of our time. Between them India and Pakistan account for one-fifth of the world's population. A decade ago this fact of population weight carried less significance than it does today, for India and Pakistan were then not independent national entities; they were part of colonial India. Today the population of the two countries will play a profound and perhaps even a dominant role in the future of Asia.

There are widespread misunderstandings throughout the Indo-Pak subcontinent today about the American people—what they are like, how they live, where they are going, their purposes in the world. It is doubtful, however, whether these misunderstandings are any greater than the general misunderstanding in the United States about the nature and problems of Asian peoples. Our frame of reference in the world today is the Cold War; the Asian frame of reference is their experiences of the past two centuries. Thus, there is a natural but threatening division between the contemporary and the historical in the outlooks of both areas.

Despite the dangerous rift between India and Pakistan over the many unresolved questions growing out of partition, of which the Kashmir dispute is only one, there is an underlying similarity of attitudes and views toward the Western world. A common colonial background, hunger, eroded lands, economic underdevelopment—all these are powerful equalizers in the making of a political climate. As it concerns the outlook of these peoples towards the United States, however, one fact should be made clear. Much that passes for "anti-Americanism" is not the product of a deeply rooted hostility so much as the result of the excessive esteem in which America had been held. We were regarded as the master dispensing unit for hope, miracles, and justice on a world scale. When we turned out to be merely human the reaction against us was severe. This reaction, of course, was intensified by our own errors and by organized propagandist activities against us. Even so, there remains an underlying responsiveness to the idea of America that should be explored and developed. We can recapture much of the ground we have lost through a positive and practical policy big enough to re-engage the hopes of peoples who feel we have emphasized raw power to the detriment of a real program. Such a program should take into account the historical background and indigenous needs of Asian peoples.

One final word about the principals of these interviews. Both are men of the highest calibre. Each seeks to serve not only the cause of freedom in his own country, but the larger cause of a free world. Prime Minister Nehru, despite all reports to the contrary, is no ally or dupe of Communism. He represents in fact the principal obstacle in the way of Indian Communism. Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, as the following transcript makes clear, has set his sights on a free Pakistan in a free world. The fact that these men have opened direct discussions looking towards a solution of the Kashmir dispute is a matter of world importance. Anything the United States can do in the way of adding to a positive atmosphere in the dealings between the two countries will improve the chances for world peace. —NORMAN COUSINS.

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Talks with
MOHAMMED ALI

"The nations should be independent yet part of a Parliament of Man."

COUSINS. Let me begin by asking about Pakistan's difficulties in creating an independent government. Some experts in political science have said that a democracy can be brought into being only under certain rather favorable circumstances. They have said that a people who are underdeveloped industrially, who have great poverty and unemployment, who lack educational facilities, do not offer the best possible raw material for the building of a democratic state. Yet, despite such handicaps, Pakistan has in a few years made heartening progress. How has Pakistan gone about the building of a free nation?

MOHAMMED ALI. We in Pakistan are a Moslem nation; we believe that Islam is the father of democracy. We have a democratic tradition going back 1,400 years. Therefore, democracy comes naturally to us.

Now in Pakistan we faced, when we became an independent country, tremendous difficulties, as you are aware. For 200 years there was British rule, and when the country was separated into two sovereign and independent states—India and Pakistan—we did not have a governmental machine. We didn't have equipment to run the government, and therefore we had to start absolutely from scratch.

One of the most peculiar features of Pakistan is that it is composed of two geographic units separated by a distance of over 1,000 miles. Nowhere in the world do such conditions exist in any other state. And this, you can understand, was a great handicap to us. But, nevertheless, we faced the situation because we had this democratic tradition and because, like you, we believe in government of, by, and for the people. We were fortunate that we had a people who were determined to make full use of the freedom which they had won. They considered no sacrifice too great to achieve the objectives for which Pakistan was established.

Q. What would you say was the biggest single problem your country has faced since the partition in 1947?

MOHAMMED ALI. We were faced with an influx of eight million refugees. You can imagine the magnitude of that problem when you realize that eight million is roughly half the total population of Canada, your northern neighbor. Just imagine, for a moment, every man, woman, and child living in half of Canada going on the march, uprooted from their huts and homes, trying to resettle themselves in the United States.

This was one of our first headaches Then we had to organize a governmental machinery when we did not have the personnel. I will not bore you with the details. For example where we are sitting today in a radio studio there was no Radio Pakistan In Karachi the first radio broadcast was transmitted from a sort of camp —a tent. So these are the difficulties which we had to face, but because we have been trained in democracy we can make it a going concern.

The standard of living is very low. Pakistan is in an area equivalent to the states of Texas and Ohio, and yet we have a population of very near eighty million, half the population of the United States. Now you can understand how much pressure we have if you can imagine half the population of your great and glorious country concentrated in Texas and Ohio.

Q. Has much progress been made in resettling the refugees? Wherever I walked in Karachi yesterday I became acutely aware of the countless thousands of refugees in the city who seem to be struggling just to stay alive.

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, it is a terrific problem, one which has caused us great anxiety and worry. We feel we owe it to the refugees to mitigate their suffering and give them permanent homes. The Government has been trying to tackle this problem but unfortunately I must admit that we have not succeeded so far. But we are determined to give it the highest priority and resettle these refugees as expeditiously as possible. Their condition is a standing disgrace to the good name of Pakistan.

As you went around the refugee colonies I am sure you were struck by the fact that these people live in worse conditions than those prevailing in stables and pigsties in your country. Really, we are ashamed that it has not been possible to have solved the problem long ago. But we didn't have the money; or money had to go to defend our sovereignty and freedom. Anyway, we do hope that we can give increasing attention to this matter. We are starting resettlement projects in Thal. We are proposing to settle a lot of refugees in those areas. Then we are bringing a lot of other lands under cultivation by constructing dams and we will be able to settle a number of families in those areas.

We hope that progressively we will be able to deal with this question. It is difficult to prophesy—I do not have a crystal ball in front of me—but we

(*Continued on page 57*)

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Talks with NEHRU

"Nothing is more dangerous than a feeling of complacency."

COUSINS. Mr. Prime Minister, two years ago we had a discussion about —well—the state of the human race. To some extent it was what one might call a whither-are-we-drifting-and-why talk. Taking into account everything that has happened in those two years, throughout the rest of the world and here in India, how do you feel about the chances of the human species today for making a better world and a better future? What, in short, are our chances for a world in which it is possible for a man to be an individual, to be free and yet to survive?

NEHRU. I should imagine that only the unwise give an opinion on such a subject. Like most things, the world picture today has its very good features and its very bad ones. Obviously we have arrived at a state which is highly dynamic, almost explosive. Either we find some new equilibrium or—well—we shatter ourselves into bits. The problem is to find that equilibrium somehow, for war has ceased to be any means of carrying out any policy. Defeat or victory have an importance, no doubt, but war is so bad that the original policy collapses anyway. Therefore, the point is whether in avoiding war one can maintain one's independence or general position and objectives. In war one cannot.

It is a problem of human intelligence and human effort. It is a challenge that involves the art of cooperation and friendliness. Theoretically this is certainly possible. Practically whether it is going to happen or not is anybody's guess. On the whole I should imagine that the chances may be in favor of it.

Q. You indicated a moment ago, Mr. Prime Minister, that the important thing is to maintain one's values in the world today—without war if possible. For some things can only be preserved through colossal risk and effort. What would you say, looking towards the future, that these basic values are?

NEHRU. There is a certain vitality in the human race—a creative vitality which leads to progress, leads to new things. You find in history a race sometimes being full of creative endeavor. It may be highly cultured in the sense of having achieved much. Then suddenly that race loses its vitality, becoming quiescent. You find that more especially, say, in Asia. You find two or three hundred years of just quiescence—a very cultured quiescence for a long time perhaps, but quiescence nonetheless. Yet at the same time you find that other races or peoples, which outwardly may have been more backward culturally, were actually more vital or dynamic. Then they proceeded to develop culture at a more rapid pace.

What, then, are the real values, apart from a certain appreciation and regard for fundamental truth and beauty and tolerance? When large numbers of people live together as they do in the world today, unless the nations respect the rights of each other, unless they develop a necessary toleration, there is trouble. I am afraid there is something of a tendency for less and less toleration now—less of even an attempt to understand. This, culturally speaking, is going backwards.

Now, when we talk about the world going to pieces of course one does not mean that every human being will die. It really means that the cultural aspect of life will suffer an enormous setback. Even normal war brutalizes, as it has done in the past. Today's type of war is on an enormous scale and brings destruction and hunger and starvation. It is bound to degrade and dehumanize those who survive. That is the worst of it—not death; people die at the end of their days. Brutalization is the evil.

Q. What should the role of a government be—the role of an enlightened government—in helping to protect the people against brutalization—not only the brutalization brought about by war but the brutalization that sometimes exists within the nation itself?

NEHRU. Partly, I suppose, it's an educational role; that is, if education is directed to that end. A person is influenced very greatly by his environment, not merely book environment or what he learns at school or at college, but what he reads in the newspapers, what he sees around him all the time, by his personal relationships. So, in a sense, if he is properly conditioned he lives in the type of society or social structure which encourages those positive values and discourages the wrong values, such as selfishness or pure acquisitiveness, instead of the quality of cooperative work and tolerance.

Q. Do world conditions today represent a threat to the maintenance and enlargement of those values? Isn't it possible that a powerful regime which finds the values of individualism repugnant could jeopardize progress on a world scale?

NEHRU. Certainly. Today you see a very serious threat—also, to some

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extent a response to that threat—that is, a determination to maintain those values. We have the constructive side and the destructive side—opposing forces at work in the world today. The particular things that are part of this destructive side, I should say, would include lack of toleration or a desire to force your will on the other person or the other nation. In other words, there is a certain narrowness of outlook in the individual or the group which thinks that it has the truth and that all the others are outside the pale and, so to speak, the real sinners. In fact, to some extent we are getting what corresponds to, well, a narrow religious outlook in politics. In religion there are at least certain countervening features which tend to balance this narrowness—that is, in those religions in which narrowness may be said to exist. In politics, however, you get the narrowness alone. This idea of forcing your wishes, your ways, down the throats of other people naturally leads to conflict. It may lead, of course, to the other party being compelled to assert himself. But even that is not very satisfactory in the end, because you do not produce any desirable type of human being if he does something only under compulsion.

Q. Mr. Prime Minister, when you used the word "you" just a moment ago I wondered whether you had a particular nation or person in mind?

NEHRU. No; I was not thinking of any particular group or country.

Q. I asked that question because a certain totalitarian nation came to my mind as you spoke. I am aware, too, that some people would make an opposite assumption on the basis of what you had just said and point to the United States. In fact, I have been disturbed in recent weeks by the tendency in a number of places I have visited on my way to India—a tendency to blame the United States for everything.

NEHRU. No, of course, I was not thinking of America. This is common, to a more or less degree, all over the world today.

Q. What steps do you think, Mr. Prime Minister, can be taken by the nations acting as a group to create a stronger sense of the whole, to help create those conditions under which the individual or the group can maintain those values you spoke of a moment ago?

NEHRU. I suppose the most important thing is—and perhaps the most

(*Continued on page* 62)

INDIA

Old Tyrannies Die

E. M. Forster's "The Hill of Devi" *(Harcourt, Brace. 267 pp. $4), is a collection of letters written by the man many critics consider the greatest living English novelist, during residence in India in 1912 and 1921. John Frederick Muehl, who reviews it below, is a teacher of creative writing at the University of Michigan and has written several volumes on India.*

By John Frederick Muehl

IT has been nearly thirty years since the publication of "A Passage to India," time enough for a generation of novelists to have come and gone without seriously threatening E. M. Forster's position as one of the foremost fictional interpreters of Asia. It is an event of considerable importance, therefore, when Mr. Forster returns to his Indian experiences, particularly when, as in "The Hill of Devi," he manages to avoid the almost inevitable anticlimax.

"The Hill of Devi" is both a simple and a complex book. In form it is a collection of the author's correspondence written during his visit to the state of Dewas in 1912 and during his service with the state government in 1921. Unlike most such collections, it is carefully focused, tracing the decline and fall of the Maharajah of Dewas from the earliest evidences of quaint inefficiency to the inevitable extremes of capricious despotism. In this sense "The Hill of Devi" is a historical microcosm in which the collapse of a feudal regime is mirrored, and from which, incidentally, one can clearly anticipate the ultimate breakdown of the British Raj itself.

It is also a work of art. At the outset one accepts it for what it seems to be, the diffuse recollections of a perceptive traveler, civilized, urbane, always slightly comic. There is the amusing description of the waterless well, and of the founding of the Dewas Literary Society. There are the naive enthusiasms of the Maharajah himself, and the pictures of the author in native dress. Only gradually does one sense the growing uneasiness. Only gradually is he aware of the ominous undertones. And yet the well becomes an economic reality and the enthusiasms of the Maharajah *do* shape state policy. So slowly does the book arrive at its serious focus that the reader is drawn into the very vortex of the tragedy, and it is a measure of Forster's success that one is inclined to feel betrayed by fate, as *he* must have felt.

At the outset Forster is charmed by Dewas. During his first visit even the gaucheries of the palace amuse him, and of the Maharajah he says, "The dear creature has not a glimmering of taste, and on the dark wooden pillars are hung 'Love me, love my dog.'"

But during his service with the Maharajah he can less afford charity. Now that he is responsible for getting things done he complains, "Everything that happens is said to be one thing and proves to be another, and as it is further said in an unknown tongue I live in a haze."

Finally, near the point of despair, he describes his own work in these unhappy words: "I found Dewas an untidy ant hill, I leave it equally untidy but a desert."

So, in the last sense, "The Hill of Devi" is a personal record. Since the focus of the book is so largely inward, the reader will find that he is as interested in what happens to Forster as in what happens to the state of Dewas. Inevitably what happens to Forster is bad; inevitably because, as "A Passage to India" points out, when the European is placed in an Asian setting the inevitabilities are nearly all to the bad. "The Hill of Devi" is pervaded by the sense of tragedy, but it only partly results from the pathos of the story; more substantially it is the reflection of the author's retrogression from his early enthusiasm to his later cynicism.

It seems clear that Forster is himself aware of this. Indeed, a large part of what his book seems to prove is that the author is no better than his own character, Fielding.

For those who do not know "A Passage to India" "The Hill of Devi" will be a revelation. And for those who do know it it will be enough to say that Mr. Forster's newest book is no disappointment.

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Aubrey Menen—"Law 'n order ain't learned. It's bred in yer bones."

Last Days of the Raj

"Dead Man in the Silver Market," by Aubrey Menen *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 203 pp. $3), is a volume of speculation on the state of society, provoked by the Irish-Indian author's experiences growing up in an India still under British rule. Here it is reviewed by J. G. Hitrec, who spent the decade before World War II in Calcutta and Bombay and has written several novels with an Indian setting.*

By J. G. Hitrec

THE dead body referred to in the title of Aubrey Menen's new book, "Dead Man in the Silver Market," belonged to an old Indian who, in the excitable manner of his people, had walked straight into the muzzle of a British Tommy gun during one of the pre-independence riots in Old Delhi. To Mr. Menen, a vitally interested observer, the death itself was temporarily eclipsed by the motivation of the person holding the gun. The latter happened to be a young hoodlum from the slums of Liverpool, wearing the uniform of a British soldier. His reasons for shooting, it seemed to Mr. Menen, were the final link in a chain of historical developments in which, quite unknowingly, he had inherited the mission begun by Lord Curzon, Clive, and General Wellesley—the mission to teach Law and Order to a subject people. Although at home in Liverpool he had baited and broken the law, on the streets of India the snare of rationalization had finally caught up with the soldier, as it always had with every Englishman regardless of rank or income. By the tongue-in-the-cheek dialectic that is the special gift of Mr. Menen, we accept the shooting incident as a kind of second flowering of the British colonial oligarchy. The young hoodlum in uniform sums it up himself with a great deal of feeling: "Law 'n Order ain't learned. It's bred in yer bones."

The point is made elegantly but tellingly, alongside a great many others. Mr. Menen has taken a holiday from novel-writing, to deliver himself of a few opinions on the state of our society and the world in general. He can work with as much zest on Englishmen as on Indians. As a matter of fact, by a simple switch of national and moral viewpoints, the light-footed devastation will accommodate practically everyone, including a United States Senator. It certainly accommodates Mr. Menen himself in a generous portion, for his is one of those thoroughly urbane wits that can demolish others only after he has gone to work on himself. Only this time we meet with a more reflective, grimmer Menen—there is no getting away from it.

THE gentle spoofing of witches and missionaries has given way to a mood that borders on exasperation, almost a dire note. Since in this book he comes to grips with the purpler isms of our age, perhaps no other tone of voice would be quite human. Imperialism, Communism, patriotism, cultural Asianism, all receive his pointed attention. He is as sly and amusing as he had been with the witches, but for long stretches of his delivery he cannot escape the pathos of his subject matter. The world is a mess because individuals seek to inflate themselves with nationalism and other group megalomanias. Yet no group can make our souls for us, he is convinced. No matter what a group does or says the individual member is in no way enhanced. Glibness of belief and action under the imprimatur of a group is one of the ever-present pitfalls in the democratic process. "If ten people sit around a table and find themselves in agreement, nine are admiring their own sagacity and one man is doing the thinking." Ergo, while an individual Englishman may be a better man than his Indian opposite number, generalizing such distinction at group level is a fool's paradise. All in all, it is far better to cultivate one's garden. And it ought to be said of Mr. Menen that he follows this precept and does his own thinking very vigorously indeed. His pursuit of truth by devious and diverting roads, only to find it in his garden, is also more comfortable than it was for Candide. He loses neither virtue nor limb, merely some inherited misconceptions. The reader is welcome to profit from his example.

Although the frame of his lecture is autobiographical, the personal chronology is hand-picked. We learn only that Mr. Menen was born of Irish and South Indian parents and that at an age when most boys become passionate sportsmen he was forced to spend much time deliberating whether to grow up an English gentleman or a high-caste Hindu. To his teacher in England Indians were one of Toynbee's "stagnated" races—while to the South Indian Nayars who were among Mr. Menen's ancestors all Englishmen were eternally defiled. It was a tough decision to make and Mr. Menen's real education began when he decided to drop both and go his own way. He finished school in England and returned to India in that confused period just before the Viceregal Lodge was permanently vacated. At that point in time his unsentimental journey was at an end, for he had seen, heard, and read all that was necessary. It only remained for him to find a quiet garden in which to chew on it and sum it up—which he did find in Italy, a point between England and India, but somewhat nearer to England. It was there that the memory of the dead man in the silver market finally assumed its proper place in the scheme of things.

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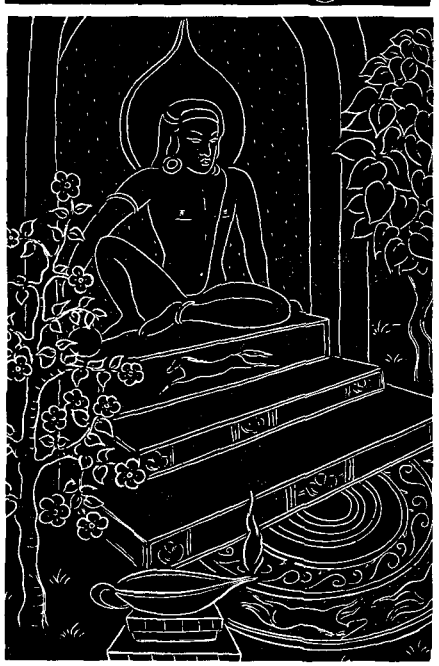

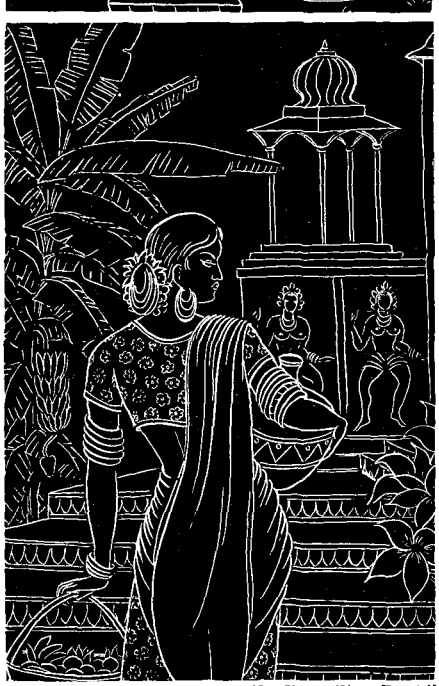

—*From "The Vermilion Boat."*

The Moods of Sind

"The Vermilion Boat," by Sudhin N. Ghose *(Macmillan. 302 pp. $3.75), is a novel about an Indian youth from the provinces and his first brushes with the wide world during student days in Calcutta.*

By William Murray

"THE VERMILION BOAT," by Sudhin N. Ghose, is a bewitching book that hovers tantalizingly between myth and reality, narrative and philosophical speculation, reminiscence and brilliant descriptive writing. Dr. Ghose is an Indian who writes flawless English but who expresses himself in an idiom which, if not characteristic of his race, must at the very least be an entirely genuine expression of himself.

The book begins with a young man's departure from his native village in Bengal to study at the university in Calcutta. From there Dr. Ghose tells the story of his days as a student in that extraordinary city, of his first contact with the violent politics and warring religions of his native land, and of his first love for a beautiful Eurasian girl who taught him Latin. There are many recollections of his past—among them a rather wonderful account of life in the crumbling household of his grandmother and aunt in the old French settlement of Chandernagore—and numerous digressions into Indian legend, history, and culture, all of them rewarding.

There are some terrifying episodes, too: the young boy's battle in a stagnant pool with a family of water moccasins; the typically Eastern riot and mob massacre that is only just averted by the quick wit of a fearless girl. The chapters on life in Calcutta are among his best, and very funny when he contrasts the Candide-like innocence of his "oaf from the provinces" with such metropolitan sophistications as elaborate bordellos and flea-bag hotels with such exotic names as The Super-Parisian Plaza, The Vegetarians' Paradise, and The Wishing Cow.

There is no aspect of life in India, at least his section of it, that Dr. Ghose does not at one time or another touch upon, and it is a tribute to his talent that none of his digressions ever seem to clutter up the story. He writes with such eloquence, humor, and wisdom that one becomes immediately conscious, however incompletely, of the problems and aspirations of a very great people. It is fortunate, too, that Dr. Ghose's mastery of English is complete, for no translation, however skilful, could do justice to the unusual flavor of his writing.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PAGE HORSE, PAGE RIDER

Ruth B. Stebbins, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, asks you to assign to their proper riders the ten bangtails here listed and to give the title and author of the work in which they appear. Allowing four points for each identified rider, three points for title, and three for author, a score of sixty rates a yellow ribbon, seventy a red, and eighty or better a blue. Answers on page 26.

1. Gunpowder
2. Bevis
3. Black Beauty
4. Rosinante
5. Reksh
6. Brigadore
7. Meg
8. Flicka
9. The Piebald
10. Gabilan

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FICTION

The Damned and the Saints

François Mauriac's "The Mask of Innocence" *(translated by Gerard Hopkins. Farrar, Straus & Young. 208 pp. $3) is a tale of a crime committed for avarice in southwest France.*

By Henri Peyre

AN aging writer will often caricature his own faults and, made obdurate by the critics' misunderstanding, imprison himself defiantly in his lurid world. For these reasons, among others, François Mauriac's "The Mask of Innocence" (first published in France in 1936 as "Les Anges Noirs") does not rank among the best of its author's score of novels. But it is perhaps the most violent, the least credible, in several scenes the most haunting.

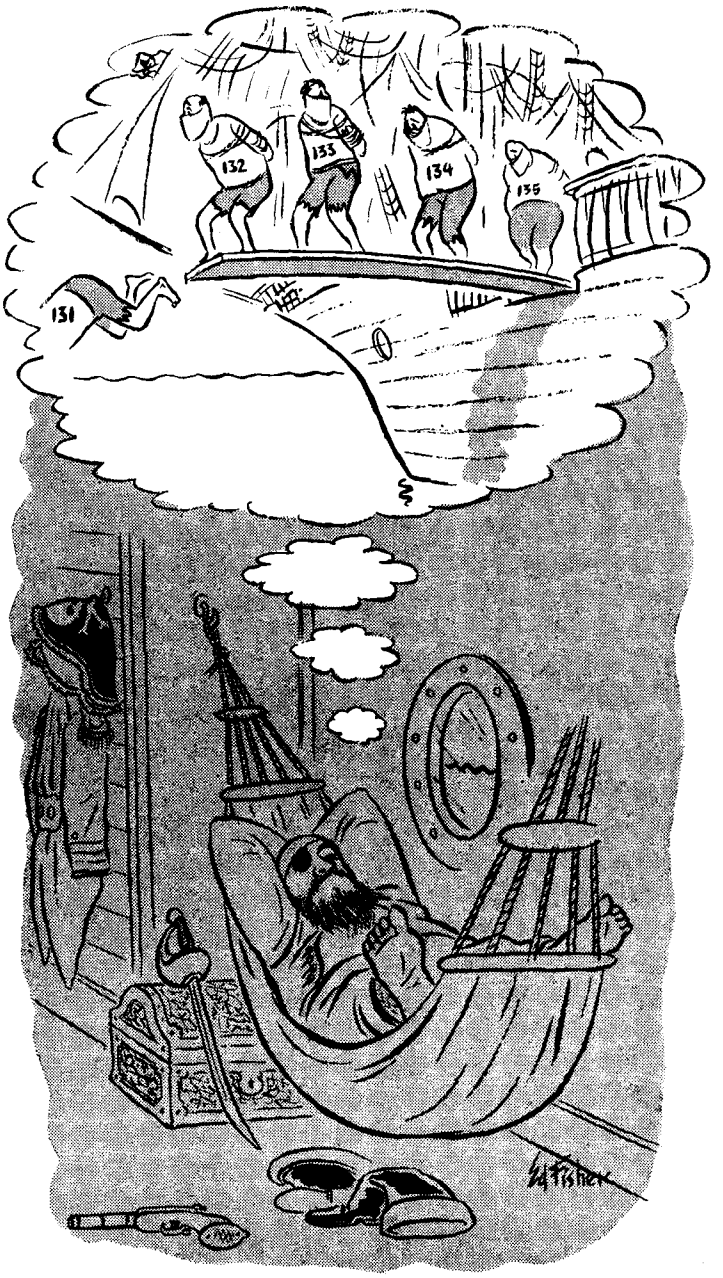
The author's familiar technique of retrospection is here ultilized, less skilfully than in Thérèse's reminiscences or in "The Desert of Love," through a lengthy written confession prepared by the unsavory character who is the criminal protagonist of the novel for a young priest through whom his soul will be saved. Gabriel Gradère, a farmer's son, attractive and angelic in his looks, who once studied for the priesthood, soon became an addict to many vices. He seduced the daughter of a rich landowner, had a son by her, and eventually married her; he dealt in narcotics, was the lover and the accomplice of a low-class prostitute, Aline, and rejoiced in his own baseness.

The "honest" middle-class family which surrounds him is hardly worth more. A cousin covets the property which Gradère had inherited from his wife after the latter's death. He tries to enmesh him in a plot through the disreputable Aline so as to be rid of him. Gradère, however, thwarts his calculation and, in a Dostoievsky-like night scene, murders Aline with his own hands. His son and his niece have seen him going out at night with a shovel to dig the grave of his victim; but they will not betray a member of their family.

The murder appears somewhat gratuitous and caused by a surge of the devil's influence on Gradère rather than by any logical necessity in his character or in the novel. But Mauriac's theology demands that God and Satan fight in and for the soul of a criminal so that, having sunk to the lowest abysses of sin, he may be redeemed. Gradère seems to be damned in the eyes of all but the young priest, Alain, one of the few pure characters ever drawn by a Catholic novelist more attracted by sinners than saints.

Alain refuses to believe that some souls were doomed to perdition. He has been slandered by the harsh villagers, he has not remained wholly immune from temptation himself. Gradère's written confession horrifies him. But his mission is to point the way to forgiveness. "Those who seem dedicated to evil," he reasons, "may perhaps be chosen above their fellows; the very depth of their fall gives a measure of the vocation that they have betrayed."

The supernatural can be revealed also from the lower depths. Gradère, whom the police has failed to identify as the murderer, takes refuge in the presbytery and dies, saved by God's grace. Mauriac's theology is certainly questionable. His palette is too consistently and fiercely black. The atmosphere of "The Mask of Innocence" is poisoned and the conversion *in extremis* of the criminal protagonist strains our credibility and revolts our moral sense. But several scenes describing the murder, the filth of lewd women dramatized as vessels of temptation for seminarists, the hideous calculations of greedy landowners, and nature in the southwest of France redeem the crudity of the book.



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—SR *Drawing by Henry Martin.*

Neighborhood Strategies

***"Love and Mrs. Candy," by Robert Tallant** (Doubleday. 287 pp. $3.50), is the fifth volume in a series of sentimental, incident-filled stories about a plump little New Orleans boarding-house keeper, her tenants, her neighbors, and their amusing escapades.*

By Harrison Smith

WITH the exception of Los Angeles, New Orleans has spawned more historical, romantic, and exotic literature than any other city in the country. Robert Tallant, born and bred in the heart of that legendary city, was urged by Lyle Saxon, who specialized in Louisiana plantations, to plunge into the murky subject of voodoo for his first book. For his second he invented Mrs. Candy, a delightfully ingenuous boarding-house keeper who was perpetually involved with the amorous and financial entanglements of her roomers. Now, six years and five books later, this plump and emotional little woman is back again, bustling around her kitchen in her ancient house in the Vieux Carré, handing out coffee, meals, and free advice to her hungry lodgers. Although Mr. Candy in the meantime has vanished into the local cemetery and Henry Petit has taken his place, the little lady is still known to her clients, her friends, and enemies by her old name. Henry is a sweet man and a good cook. He goes faithfully to work every day packing frogs legs into cans. He has only two faults: he refuses to ask his boss for a raise, and he is wildly jealous of the latest of the lodgers, mysterious Mr. Gleason, who offers his wife candy and flowers and who is secretly engaged in writing a novel about her remarkable household.

Mrs. Candy is a born matchmaker. Everybody ought to marry somebody, she believes. There is young Noonie Belle Thibodeaux, for example, who wants to be a New York actress and has run away from home to take lessons in deportment and physical culture from an ancient female thespian who lives on the second floor. Noonie has changed her name to Norinne Latour, and she hates Johnny Kogo, who makes a fine living steering a Coca Cola truck; hate, Mrs. Candy knows, is one of the first symptoms of love. Elderly Mr. Nocca is a retired civil servant with a habit of staying out all night on some mysterious errand; actually, he is an incurable keyhole- and window-peeper. Steve Wilson, a nice young man, is in love with Emelda Davenport, and it isn't really his fault that he never has money enough to buy her a diamond ring; the horses he bets on are to blame.

MR. TALLANT mixes all of these ingredients, adds the jealousy of neighbors, thwarted ambition, scandal-mongering, laughter, a quart of tears, and finally produces a heady concoction. There is an art in this variety of fiction. A half-dozen complicated plots have to be kept going at once, and the pace can never falter. The minor characters who live in the neighborhood, fathers and mothers of the tormented lovers, shopkeepers, and the grocer's boy play subsidiary but important roles.

Mr. Tallant succeeds admirably as a puppet master, and he provides a final, perfect scene. Mrs. Candy's Christmas Night parties are famous; there is a blazing tree, presents for everyone, and a dumpy Father Christmas in a red dressing gown, white wig, and beard who is no other than the little lady herself. With food and song and many bottles of bourbon jealousy, hate, and anger vanish as if by magic. "Love and Mrs. Candy" is a cheerful Christmas story with a rich mixture of sentimentality and laughable nonsense.

Notes

HOLLYWOOD FAITH HEALER: Vicki Baum never does things by halves. Her novels, as neatly contrived as a rondeau, are remarkable for their skilled intertwinings of narrative. They contain the stuff for several times the number of novels which she has written. Lesser tale-tellers, examining the intricacies of her spicy new book, **"The Mustard Seed"** (Dial, $3.75), will doubtless dig into its gaudy substance for the ore of their own lesser works.

This long new novel revolves centrally about the experiences of a young Italian faith healer in Hollywood. He has flown from his native Tyrol to try to work a cure upon a schizophrenic sportsman named Toni Fielding and is rapidly involved in a complex series of psychiatric problems.

These problems, themselves involved with a series of flamboyantly developed characters, concern alcoholism, drug addiction, cancer, diabetes, incest, epilepsy, racial prejudice, and a variety of sexual disorders. Murder is only the most violent action in a book that tumbles with incident and roars with raciness.

The net impression that one takes away from this expertly fevered book is that America is a vast laboratory for the psychoanalyst, a chrome-plated institution for neurotics of all kinds, a continent of the blues. If it seems uncritical, it is certainly not unreadable, but puritans are advised to seek their entertainment elsewhere. Miss Baum writes the most intelligently steam-heated prose of her time; she knows her psychiatry and is glandularly informed. "The Mustard Seed" is overdone, but it is not to be underrated; there is too much truth among its excess of torments. —CHARLES LEE.

AMERICAN GIRL AT LARGE: Although her girlish flippancy is often more self-conscious than gay, the heroine of Elwynne Berger's first novel, **"Love from Sandy"** (J. B. Lippincott, $3), is nearly everything that a twenty-year-old American girl should be. The affairs of Sandy Sanderson—all somewhat less substantial than a meringue—are unfolded in an amusing series of vividly garrulous letters and cablegrams from England and France, addressed to a patient Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sanderson, of 17 Ellsworth Lane, Scarsdale, N. Y. The feckless parents, who have allowed their hyperthyroid offspring to spend her junior year in an English university, hear of her simultaneous engagement to three American boys,

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her assault on British tradition, her original treatment of Paris and existentialism, her matchmaking among the college faculty, and her expulsion from and reinstatement to her pursuits in higher learning. Sandy is always supremely master of herself throughout her vertiginous love affair with Steve Kent, punctuated though it may be with a caricature of a duel in Paris, or sidetracked by her sporadic rapprochements with seventeen wandering Rhodes scholars. By and large she is genuinely gamine, a daredevil, witty and authentically debonaire. If Miss Berger's heroine patronizes her parents ("my pets") with insistent coyness, and sometimes seems bent on *épater*-ing the Scarsdale bourgeoisie rather than amusing her splendidly predatory self, these are only temporary lapses that age is likely to cure too quickly.

—Nicolas Monjo.

RETIRED WHITE COLLAR MAN: Back in 1935, if memory serves, Josephine Lawrence was taken to task for writing a novel about so trivial a problem as instalment buying when many more cosmic problems were at her disposal. Fortunately, Miss Lawrence paid little attention to her critic and has continued to write honest and frequently excellent books, each illuminating a small segment of the everyday world.

In **"The Web of Time"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) Miss Lawrence is at her best, telling the poignant story of decent people trapped in one of the great dilemmas of our day: "old age," with its enforced retirement and inactivity. She succeeds in avoiding both bathos and inspirational cliches as she depicts the plight of Munsey Wills, forty-five years a clerk in the same office, and now headed for the scrap heap.

The situation of Munsey Wills is the special tragedy of the white collar man, who spends all of his life at a salaried job, and leaves nothing more permanent behind him than an empty desk. The activities of the farmer and the small businessman are small monuments to their individuality. But the routine of the job is the most tangible reality in the life of a man like Munsey Wills, and he needs it to reassure himself of his identity.

Miss Lawrence stacks the cards against Munsey somewhat, by providing him with a "Craig's Wife" kind of helpmate, who is so self-sufficient in the home that Munsey doesn't quite "feel at home in his own house." Household chores have been as much of a drug for Jennie Wills as the office routine has been for her husband; she finds his presence around the house a disorderly interruption.

After a couple of miserably rootless years the worm does turn—moderately and plausibly—and Munsey copes with his new life in a manner that restores his self-respect. In spite of the real problem that "The Web of Time" delineates, it is not a shallow preachment, but a perceptive and engrossing novel, written with an aptness of phrasing that is occasionally poetic.

—Martin Levin.

CATHARSIS IN THE GARDEN: The legions of Elizabeth Goudge's readers will recognize familiar territory in her latest novel. Here is the aptly named English country town of Fairhaven, and here again are the many members of the Eliot family, nestled in their pastel-hued strongholds of Damerosehay, Lavender Cottage, etc. For those not already aficionados meeting the Eliot clan in **"The Heart of the Family"** (Coward-McCann, $3.75) may not necessarily cement a lasting friendship.

David Eliot, the celebrated actor, his wife, Sally, and his ninety-one-year-old grandmother still don't seem to know one another very well, even after 337 more pages of close association. Miss Goudge is continually telling us about them, or having them indulge in reveries that take the form of sententious little essays. But they never seem properly to get through to each other, or to the reader in search of tangible characters. Miss Goudge's forte seems more in the line of botany than humanity; when she turns her attention to the shrubbery her words ring with the authority of a seed catalogue or an agricultural college.

Into the lacquered unreality of Damerosehay enters Sebastian Weber, an Austrian emigre whom David (just back from a "magnificent triumph in America") has engaged as his secretary. Once a first-rate pianist, he is now pretty well disintegrated in health, and thoroughly embittered by a series of tragedies brought on by the war. Weber gently expires at Damerosehay, but not before his bitterness has been expunged. Miss Goudge infuses this simple tale with some heady disquisitions on Weltschmerz, and with enough detailed botanical lore to make the reader sometimes feel that he has been trapped in an overgrown garden.

—M. L.

Pelicans

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

SEVEN pelicans on seven piles
All seven wide and yellow smiles,
They try, with eyes too far apart,
To practise piscatorial art.

How can they, when, for all their pains,
Their bills are larger than their brains?
They cannot take, it's plain to see,
Their own appearance seriously.

Try as hard as each bird can,
He is still a pelican,
Humor breaks his raptest frown,
The fisherman remains a clown.

But high above across the skies
An arrowhead of ivory flies.
Seven archangels wing to wing
Make one living lovely thing.

Every line exquisitely right,
Right angles cut from flowing light,
Every curve exactly even,
Geometry cut out of heaven!

Too fast to be of the race of birds,
Too high for gracefullest of words,
Cool archangels clothed in snow,
Seven perfect pelicans flow.

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The Fate of Pedagoguese

"Quackery in the Public Schools," by Albert Lynd *(Little, Brown. 282 pp. $3.50),* ***"Educational Wastelands: The Retreat from Learning in Our Public Schools," by Arthur E. Bestor*** *(University of Illinois Press. 226 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Let's Talk Sense About Our Schools," by Paul Woodring*** *(McGraw-Hill. 215 pp. $3.50), take three differing positions on one of the subjects Americans are now heatedly debating: their public schools. The books and the implications of their arguments are discussed below by Fred M. Hechinger, education editor of the* New York Herald Tribune.

By Fred M. Hechinger

NEVER has so much been written about education by so many within so brief a period as this fall. One educator, who did not look kindly on this number of new books, recently called it an "epidemic." I'd rather think of it as a harvest, and though all the fruit may not be perfect, it should be welcome. For the first time in a long while serious thought is being given to the *content* of public education, not just to buildings, salaries, and tax elections. This is progress. It may signal the end of one phase and the beginning of another, and since none of the books recently published advocate less public education, or less money spent for it, it would appear that the basic battle has been won. Now that we seem agreed that we want public education, and ought to pay for it, there is nothing wrong with a critical, hard-hitting discussion of what we want the schools to teach.

Albert Lynd, author of "Quackery in the Public Schools," one of the three major works published this fall, used to teach history in college. He is now a businessman. He is a member of the school board in Sharon, Mass., believes in the public schools, thinks public education ought to have much better financial support, and is sure that the teachers' colleges and professors of education are ruining the schools. Mr. Lynd is alarmed, and he registers his alarm sometimes brilliantly, sometimes amusingly, and always with the kind of overstatement which will delight or outrage the reader, depending which side of the fence he is on.

Arthur E. Bestor, who is professor of history at the University of Illinois, shares Mr. Lynd's alarm. Like Mr. Lynd, he is against the domination by pedagogy over education. Pedagogy, he writes in "Educational Wastelands: The Retreat from Learning in Our Public Schools," "tells *how* something can be taught most effectively, but it provides no basis whatever for deciding *what* should be taught." He objects to specialists in pedagogy making the decisions on what is to be the content of public-school instruction.

Finally, there is Paul Woodring, who taught in many places, including high schools, and is now professor of psychology at Western Washington College of Education. In "Let's Talk Sense About Our Schools" he makes it clear that he would agree with many of the complaints registered by Messrs. Lynd and Bestor; and yet, I believe, he would disagree with their books largely because they overstate and oversimplify. Using the title of his own book, he might even say something about talking sense about our schools.

The extremists, writes Mr. Woodring in his concluding chapter, have a very real advantage. They have either their backs or their faces to the wall, and so they can be attacked only from one direction. The moderates, on the other hand, stand right out in the exposed center and are therefore vulnerable from all angles. To make things worse, moderate books on controversial issues—books which don't say that what they oppose is all black and what they propose is all white—don't sell very well. Therefore they don't publish very well. And consequently not many writers spend much time over moderate books. "But it so happens," Mr. Woodring observes, "that some things *are* middling gray. One of these things is public education in the United States as of 1953."

It might have helped things all around if Mr. Lynd and Mr. Bestor had had a chance to read Mr. Woodring's book before they respectively got down to writing their own volumes. For while the three authors are critical of many of the same aspects of modern education, Mr. Woodring seems to be the only one who knows how to consider the relationship between cause and effect, and how to look at the world in perspective.

"The best thing about contemporary education," says Mr. Woodring, "is that a great many classroom teachers ignore the gobbledygook and the pedagoguese and go right ahead and do a sensible job of teaching. If one visits the classrooms instead of reading the journals he may well conclude that the schools are not so bad after all. It depends on which classroom you visit; but I for one, if I again had to face the prospect of twelve years as a pupil in a public school, would far rather take my chances in a school of today than return to the schools I attended between 1913 and 1925."

Neither Mr. Lynd nor Mr. Bestor seems to accept this view. They would say, indeed they do say in their books, that it is not good enough for the schools to claim they are doing a somewhat better job than the schools of twenty years ago. With the greater amount of time and money (though the latter is, at least in proportion, debatable) spent on the schools they ought to be doing a far better job.

Where is the problem and the real disagreement? Messrs. Lynd and Bestor tried to pinpoint the blame for everything that seems wrong with public education today, and in pinpointing they picked the teachers colleges as their target. There is a measure of truth in Mr. Lynd's amusing, sharp satire of the super-administrators, the group dynamicians (if I may coin a new word that is only slightly more absurd than many of the ones now in use), and the miserable jargon. He is justly scornful of a teachers' college course on "urban cities." He detests, with good reason, the bargain basement collection of courses and sub-courses in methodology. There is probably no good excuse for a master's thesis on "The Effects of Coaching on the Acquisition of Skill in Baseball Free Throw," though I am sure that a pretty devastating list of topics could be assembled from the files of the academic departments of the universities, too. (In all fairness, furthermore, it should be added that this gem of an example originated not at a teachers college, but at the University of Wisconsin. But that may

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be quibbling and, anyway, I am not a teachers' college man myself and need not be partisan in either attack or defense.)

THERE is also just cause for the complaint, contained in all three books, that too much stress on methods and the omission of real knowledge of subject matter are both an indication of shallowness and a boost to the trend of anti-intellectualism. It is quite right to say—as do our authors—that pragmatism, the philosophy made noted and notable by John Dewey, is a dangerous idea in education because it sticks too closely to "what is" and threatens to ignore "what should or might be." (Dewey himself would not have accepted pragmatism as the philosophy of things as they are. He was too deeply interested in social reform—so deeply that Mr. Lynd, who emphatically clears him of any Communist charges, still considers him a Socialist. But he would have insisted that theories are not much good unless they can be made to work, and this is a point of view not entirely alien to the American industrialist and businessman.) It is certainly fair to say that our schools and our colleges—teachers' colleges as well as liberal arts institutions and, especially, the great universities—have offered too varied, too scattered, too confusing a diet. Since many teachers have grown up on that diet, their intellectual constitution may be found wanting. The worst of them may actually suffer from malnutrition.

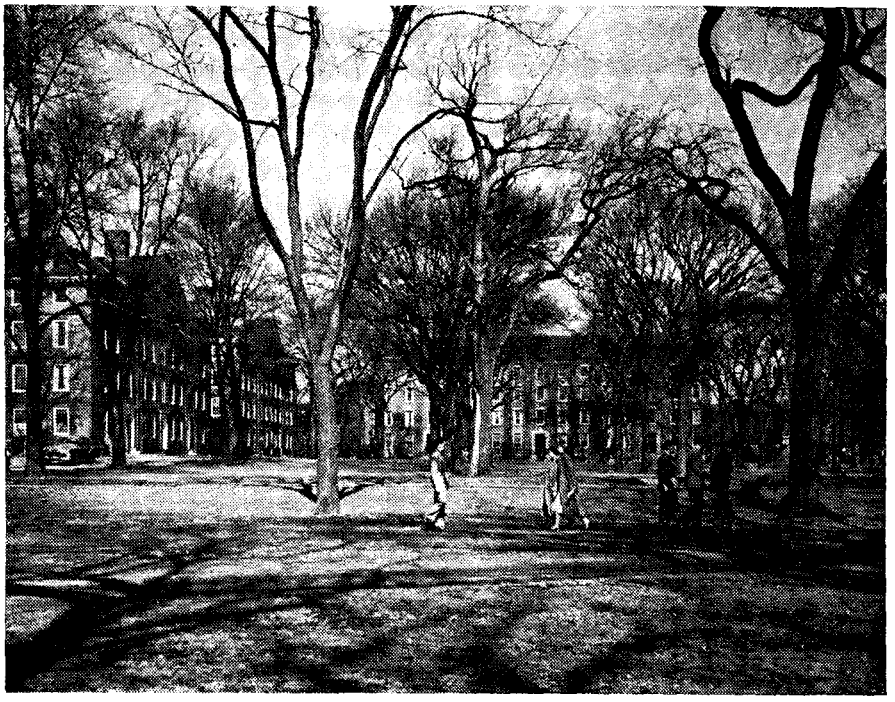
But the real error of these critical views is their insinuation that pragmatism was foisted on the American people by the educationists. This is historically nonsense. America was a pragmatic, anti-intellectual country by virtue of its pioneering, frontier background—long before the first teachers' college exerted its influence. When the public high schools began to drop the "academic subjects"—Latin, foreign languages, etc.—the pressure to do so had usually been exerted by the "practical" men on the school boards, not by educators. Those were the days when businessmen attacked as "frills" not the modern subjects which are today associated with progressive education, but rather "all that useless stuff" which is generally known as the humanities. This does not clear the educators of all blame. But the most serious charge that can be brought against them is that, instead of exerting educational leadership, they followed too closely the climate of public opinion.

These are some of the charges. All of them have some basis in some facts. But they are stated in absolutes and sound as uncompromising and self-righteous as they claim to have found their opponents. And that, while it may be a good way of starting a revolution, is hardly a useful approach to improving a system.

"The most far-reaching changes which have occurred on the educational scene in recent decades are ones which cannot be attributed to Dewey or to the progressive movement," writes Mr. Woodring. "The most important of all changes has been the extension of universal education upward through the high school." This is unquestionably the key to almost everything that has happened—good and bad. To pretend that it has not made any difference, or ought not to make any, is absurd. Messrs. Lynd and Bestor keep insisting that any lowering of standards for the great mass of pupils reflects an undemocratic or even antidemocratic attitude on the part of the public schools. It is true that the schools may at times be underestimating the intellectual capacity of some pupils; but it is unrealistic to say that a highly academic program in the classical tradition of the selective old academies could or should be absorbed by all children.

As for the teachers, while there is good reason to complain that many of them are insufficiently educated and that the teachers' colleges are overdoing the "technique" courses, nobody ought to overlook the fact that practically every teacher-college graduate is better trained and better educated (there *is* a difference!) than every former normal-school graduate. I would be the first to admit that the great deficiency in the education of many teachers is the solid liberal arts foundation which many teachers' colleges have slighted. But to look at the problem in perspective it should be remembered that originally the liberal arts colleges looked down on teacher training and failed to include in their curriculum the kind of method courses which all but the rare "natural teacher" need. (There aren't enough "natural teachers" to go around, and so some of the less naturally qualified must be given help and shown shortcuts.) It is all right to say rhetorically that Socrates needed no teachers' college. One might add that a great many lesser disciples became acceptable teachers because they studied the methods handed down by Socrates.

What will eventually save the day, I believe, is the increasing "infiltration" by the liberal arts into the teachers' college curriculum and of good and essential education courses into the liberal arts colleges. This has been happening for a number of years, and though it may not have been a sufficiently rapid and thorough trend, it is not wise to overlook it. It is always useful to set up a straw man and knock him down if you want to make a very complete and radical point; but it is not a very constructive procedure. That it was the procedure often adopted by the lesser "progressives" (their straw man being the "traditional" school) does not make it either wise or helpful for the leaders of the counter-



The Old Yard at Harvard—"too varied, too scattered, too confusing a diet."

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movement to be equally misguided and misleading.

But, even at the risk of being accused of the straw-man technique myself, it seems necessary to recall that the "old" school was much worse than most critics of the new school are willing to admit or capable of remembering. Curriculum and methods were not even very suitable for the selected group of pupils who then went to high school; they would have been disastrous had they been applied to the great mass of pupils (who did not then go to high school at all). There were, of course, good teachers who were immune to the absurdities of the "old" school just as there are today good teachers who have benefited from the liberalization without succumbing to the follies of the "new" school.

ONE of the errors of the critics—and it should be said that Mr. Bestor recognizes that error and writes very effectively about this problem—is that they often overlook the difference between elementary and secondary school. It is absurd to argue that the application of a wealth of new psychological knowledge to the teaching of the elementary grades has not been beneficial. It has without question been the most startling step forward that education has taken in this century. Contrary to Mr. Lynd's observation, this has been a development which has profoundly influenced teaching far beyond the borders of the United States. It is today a world trend, not an American experiment, and it is not considered nearly as controversial in other countries as it is here.

The real problem is to realize that the purposes of elementary school and of high school are quite different. "The procedures that will kindle interest in the elementary school will not do so in the high school," Mr. Bestor writes quite rightly. "They may even destroy interest, for nothing is more repellent to the youthful mind than something he considers childish. . . . Experts in pedagogy, however, seem blithely unaware of their ignorance concerning the higher stages of the learning process." This is a valid charge, and the sooner corrections are made the better. But improvement is not going to come from a blanket attack on new methods and on the new school.

It will do no good to pinpoint the attack on any one source of the schools' shortcomings. Mr. Lynd quite rightly points out that many of the ills of our present education system could be remedied by adequate financial support of the schools and of the teachers. Many of the worst outrages in the training colleges would disappear if only more intelligent young people were to enroll. The ridiculous, time-wasting course would simply go unattended and would soon be dropped. This is important. And the criticism of bad teaching in some teachers' colleges is important. So is the strait-jacket confinement by some of the most rigid accreditation rules. Nor should we overlook the "alumni" pressure to spend so many hours on varsity athletics, or on "driver" education, or on any other pastime or subject which this reader, that writer, or some citizen happens to think are a waste of time. This list could be continued for quite a few pages, and if the schools are to be improved a long list of shortcomings ought to be considered. Such criticism is constructive. But to blame everything on one cause is misleading and not very helpful.

Mr. Bestor writes some very important words: "Genuine liberal education is not a course in first aid. It is a serious effort to train men to recognize symptoms, to trace them to fundamental causes, and to deal intelligently with the latter." This is an excellent definition (though its author does not always trace the schools' shortcomings to their fundamental causes.) When Mr. Bestor looks for a remedy he asks for the establishment of a permanent "federation of the learned society" and a "Permanent Scientific and Scholarly Commission on Secondary Education" which would deliberately exclude from membership the educational associations and the "professional educationists." Then there would, in addition, be a third group of organized laymen.

The danger of this kind of "remedy" is obvious. I admit that the exclusiveness of some of the educationist groups is harmful to education; but I also recognize that their present exclusiveness is the result of past exclusion—of being snubbed by the academic world and of not being accepted by the universities. If there is educationist isolation today, it is not voluntary but enforced by the events of yesterday. Moreover, in many important places across the country the isolation has begun to wear thin. Many teachers colleges have accepted more and more liberal arts content as part of their curriculum.

Setting up more rival professional groups with closed-membership rules, such as Mr. Bestor recommends, would signify a relapse into isolation. It would not, I believe, lead to the kind of give-and-take collective bargaining that Mr. Bestor seems to expect to take place between these groups and associations. (Even if it did I am not convinced that this is the way to arrive at educational policy, not to mention philosophy.) It would be far more likely to lead to the permanent splitting up into hostile camps, sniping at each other instead of working together to improve education.

There are no final solutions in sight—in education as little as elsewhere. There can only be good trends and harmful currents. There can be no absolute, monolithic answer to "what is needed." To say that *only* the liberal arts, *only* the humanities, *only* the teachings of the academicians can offer salvation is as misleading as to claim that *only* vocational training or *only* the catering to "present needs" can lead us ahead. That there should be argument—heated, sometimes angry and shrill argument—between the many "schools" of education is inevitable, welcome, and essential. The clashes will lead to compromise. Compromise will show the way to better, more reasonable ways of teaching.

First Snow

By Sara Kolb Danner

LIKE kind words softly spoken the snow falls
Veiling the world in beauty and in light,
Building its airy structures to make white
With wonder all dark and crumbling walls.
It softens all outlines, all harsh tones
Embossing the grass with crystal and pearly edges
Giving a cumulus flowering to trees and hedges
But leaving the trees to show their stalwart bones.
Each house is like a dwelling set apart
So wonderful each ledge, each pane, each roof,
Encased in icy grandeur, proud, aloof
Till lo—a casement opens and it shows its heart.
A child leans out, calls gaily across the cold—
For a moment nothing is bitter, nothing old.

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The Proper Role of Learning

"The Changing Humanities," by David H. Stevens *(Harper. 272 pp. $4), is a consideration of the part the liberal arts are playing and should play in contemporary life by the former director of the humanities division of the Rockefeller Foundation. Professor J. Frank Dobie of the University of Texas, who reviews it below, is the author of "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver," "The Flavor of Texas," and other volumes.*

By J. Frank Dobie

"THE humanities are distinct from sciences and social sciences in being centered about the meanings of life to man as an individual." It is easy to take such a basic conception. It is not easy to maintain it through a book magnitudinous in scope, written out of wide learning, and focused on change rather than on classical fixedness. Other scholars may be more deeply grounded in some of the humanities than David H. Stevens, but no other has brought so much of far-stretched humanistic import into compass. Probably no other man in the world has during the past quarter century advised with so many humanists in all fields and had a hand in so many humanistic projects—in North America, Central and South America, Africa, Europe, and Asia—as Mr. Stevens, recently retired as director of the Division for the Humanities of the Rockefeller Foundation and now author of "The Changing Humanities." His unique fitness for writing such a book makes it now seem inevitable, a sure indication of its validity.

"The Changing Humanities" is full of news about the activities of modern intellects. It concerns what might be and should be as well as what is, for David Stevens is a pragmatist. His chapter on philosophy is not on systems and abstractions; Emerson is at the center of it. He calls on social scientists and humanists to realize that they are responsible for opening and filling the public mind in democracies. He hammers home the enormous fact that recent development of international relationships has through languages opened many doors to the humanities. Pocket books supplied to contemporary American soldiers enable them to communicate on basic subjects in more than fifty languages. But literal communication is not understanding; the history, literature, philosophy, art, folklore of a people mirror them inside and out.

"There is no nationalism in learning or in the arts," Dr. Stevens says, going far beyond Dr. Johnson's dictum that "classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." The one-worldness envisioned by Wendell Willkie is based on the physical, on the shrinking of space, but the only real one-worldness possible must be chemical in nature. The chemical is realizable only through humane and humanistic influences, the expansion of mind and spirit. The humanities are based on cultivated minds.

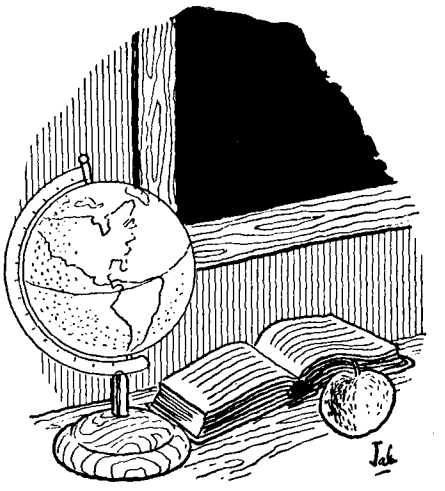
If the appeal of this book proves to be mainly to academicians that will be because non-academicians in book-reading circles are lacking in a just mixture of the elements. Whole boards of trustees governing state universities and other institutions of higher learning in America have recently come to be made up of men of affairs—for the most part businessmen—to whom cultivated mind and civilization are so foreign that they could not read any book on the humanities. Yet the fact that humanism "leads through schools and universities is only incidental to its existence, for the way of the humanities existed long before our institutions began and will outlast them." Their connection with institutions is functional; their reality is in human minds and spirits.

Dr. Stevens is not skimpy on the tools for the study and dissemination of the humanities; he is important in reasserting and arousing faith in things beyond fact. Not that any fact is to be avoided. This is from the chapter on histories: "Non-thinking or vicious writers and speakers" operate in two ways. Some, "baldly assuming stupidity among the general public, affirm as facts of history what every intelligent person knows to be false, or they force silent assent among the knowing under compulsion of fear." Others, ignorant themselves, discount all learning and all learned people. These are the wits popularized through newspaper columns, radio, and television to whom all scholars and thinkers, particularly in the realms of politics, are "eggheads."

Without delivering a sermon on the subject, David Stevens is manifestly concerned with cultivating a rational respect for learning. America had that respect in the eighteenth century. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, and most of the other molders of the United States of America into a nation were what the prophets of ignorance today scoff at as eggheads. These prophets could not have thriven in the eighteenth century. They came into power about the time of Woodrow Wilson and they went far towards laughing him out of court because he was a scholar and had been a university professor. He was the author of "Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics," "A History of the American People," and other works based on research and thought. What America needed was a practical man of business—specifically, Warren G. Harding.

COMING closer to 1953, the scorners of eggheads got in some of their most telling blows on Secretary of State Acheson through his Yale-Harvard associations, and some of their "I Like Ike" promotion by emphasizing his like for mysteries and Westerns, leaving the presumption that for him, as for Henry Ford, "history is bunk." And now the proponents of ignorance have added abstract artists to men of learning and ideas as enemies of the people. Distrust of cultivated intellect was never so popular in this country in its entire history as right now, and public education has never been so far away from intellectual discipline. The fact remains that making millions in oil, heading a billion-dollar corporation, or managing a chain of banks does not make a statesman or a humanist, does not fulfil civilization.

"Wherein," asked Goethe, "does barbarism consist, unless in not appreciating what is excellent?" "The Changing Humanities" is as timely as it is excellent.



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Bottoms Up!

"Drinking in College," by Robert Straus and Selden D. Bacon *(Yale University Press. 221 pp. $4), is the report of two Yale sociologists on the drinking habits of nearly 16,000 youths in twenty-seven colleges throughout the country. Our reviewer, Joseph Hirsh, consultant to the Committee on Problems of Alcohol of the National Research Council, is the author of "The Problem Drinker," "Alcohol Education," and other volumes.*

By Joseph Hirsh

IT IS inevitable that "Drinking in College," by Robert Straus and Selden D. Bacon, two Yale sociologists (the senior author is now at the University of the State of New York Medical School at Syracuse), will be compared with the Kinsey reports. In fact, the authors point out, newsmen have already done so. This is understandable. Their points of contact are not only in time but, more importantly, in method and findings.

The method of the Straus-Bacon study is mechanistic. It attempts to ascertain, primarily through questionnaire-derived responses, one aspect of human behavior, drinking behavior, and to reduce it to a series of units and correlations. And a good many people—this reviewer included—just do not believe it can be done by Straus and Bacon any more than Kinsey could do it successfully in his studies.

The findings of the Straus-Bacon study may be summarized broadly as putting a statistic to what has been generally known by a lot of people, college boys included, for a long time. This is not to say that quantification studies are not useful. The scientist, the teacher, the administrator need them. And if this study were undertaken and written for such groups alone its findings and their method of presentation would be meaningful, though not very novel. But when it appeals to "parents . . . and others who are called upon to make important decisions and provide guidance with respect to drinking . . . ," meaning the general reader, it commits the authors to making their book generally readable. This they have not done save in a few chapters and in the chapter summaries.

This is a study of drinking patterns and behavior not of college youth but of 15,747 youths in twenty-seven colleges throughout the country. Within this framework it tells us in substance that drinking is not a matter of biology or morality but one of sociality. Among the drinkers in the group studied the decision to drink is conditioned largely by the patterns of the family and circle from which they come. Among the abstainers, however, the decision to refrain from drinking is conditioned largely by their religious affiliations.

The authors emphatically disabuse us of the stereotype, held in some circles, of the college boy as roisterous bounder. There appears to be, moreover, no such thing as "college drinking." On- and off-campus drinking reflects pre- and post-campus drinking patterns. While the majority of the students studied drink, the proportion who drink frequently and heavily is *very small indeed*, as it is in the population as a whole. Thus we do not find alcohol and riots college teammates any more than they are kin in later life.

Similarly, the authors report inconclusive information, for those who look upon alcohol as the *agent provocateur*, in sexual matters. It is and it isn't. It does and it doesn't. But, then, Shakespeare pointed this out—poetically—long ago.

While drinking patterns in the family and social setting from which he is derived largely conditions the college student's drinking behavior, problem drinking among his parents is not a deterrent to his drinking. This and other factors point up, to this reviewer, the obvious failure of fear and scare techniques—largely introduced by the "drys"—in public-education programs on alcohol throughout the country.

There is much in this book of sociological interest as well as on the subject of drinking generally. But on the latter the reader who has bent his elbow either in previous reading or, more pleasantly, in using the most ancient of the social solvents will find no new insights here.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 547

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 547 will be found in the next issue.

UGZVS MGZ ISTW

RDIFOSDKSV TDJ TNZRJ

UGSE ETPS T UTKRU

TNZMTF ZI UGS YZNSWUB

ZI UGSRW VZOFV.

—TDJWS HRJS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 546

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.
—Franklin.

Beans and Cow Pullers

MISSISSIPPI BOOKFARMERS: Many of the "cow colleges" founded under the terms of the Morrill land-grant college act of 1862 have now become genuine universities. One of the A. & M. colleges, Mississippi State, this year celebrates its seventy-fifth birthday with a good, readable history of its hard road to academic maturity, **"People's College"** (University of Alabama Press, $4.75), by John K. Bettersworth.

Unlike some college historians, who seem to believe that their institutions live and have their meaning only in the administration buildings, Mr. Bettersworth manages to get inside dormitory rooms and even into the sanctum sanctorum, the classroom. Although he does evaluate the presidents, from General Stephen Dill Lee to Fred Tom Mitchell, the book's value lies especially in its revelation of the struggles and growth of the college as a whole. Commendable, too, is the way in which the author relates the story of Mississippi State to that of the state of Mississippi, with its redneck farmers and demagogic politicians—sometimes solicitous for the welfare of the school, sometimes wrathful at the expense of educating "bookfarmers." In 1928, when "The Man" Bilbo was Governor, the president of the college was fired (along with the presidents of the University of Mississippi and the State Teachers College) and 112 faculty members were dismissed.

Mr. Bettersworth shows the transition from cow college to respectable university. In the process there has been an inevitable loss of rustic flavor. In the old days the boys rooted: "Hay, peas, beans, and squash! A. & M. cow pullers. Yes, by gosh!" Now before the annual football game with State's great rival telephone poles along Mississippi's highways carry the unimaginative slogan "To hell with Ole Miss!"

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

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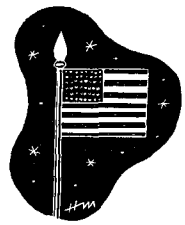

An Editor in a Storm

"The Age of Suspicion," by James A. Wechsler *(Random House. 333 pp. $3.75), is the autobiography of the editor of the* New York Post, *who has been made an embattled figure by Senator Joseph McCarthy. Our reviewer, Hodding Carter, editor of the Greenville, Miss.,* Delta Democrat-Times, *recently published his own autobiography, "Where Main Street Meets the River."*

By Hodding Carter

ONE thing that Senator Joseph McCarthy, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post,* would agree upon—though for varying reasons—is that Wechsler is not an ordinary newspaperman. Moreover, Wechsler's fellow journalists would be almost as unlikely to choose Jimmy as their Galahad as would the American Civil Liberties Union to select the Wisconsin demagogue its St. George.

The reader of Jimmy Wechsler's autobiography, "The Age of Suspicion," will easily discover why; and discover also Jimmy Wechsler is proof that two dangerous things can and did and do happen here. One is that in times of abnormal economic or military stress Communism has been able even in America to capture neurotic, intellectually frustrated, and arrogant young Americans, partly by appealing to their warped sense of wrong and mostly by feeding their contempt for the ordinary bourgeoisie. The other is that our atmosphere is vilely poisoned today by the political smearers who will not forgive nor forget the atoned-for past, nor believe the atoner, unless he abjectly surrenders. What happened to Wechsler between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two and again today at thirty-seven makes generally frightening reading.

He was tough-minded enough, and inquisitive enough, to break away from Communism before it had done any real harm to him—or so he thought. That's the thesis of the first part of this three-part self-examination. He couldn't look ahead fifteen years. The second section of his political confessions indicates that he believed and still believes that a man should not be eternally damned for youthful stupidity or malice or even overt political action; and that he has tried his level best to make amends for succumbing to Communism for four years.

It is not important here that any sensitive, worried American feels any personal sympathy for the wordy, self-consciously radical, young New Yorker of the early 1930's, or any great admiration for the pompously doctrinaire, liberal spokesman of the Forties. In fact, the impact of the book's third section (which gives the entire volume its title) is greater if the reader hasn't been impressed by Wechsler's career until he took on Jack Lait, Walter Winchell, and Joe McCarthy at almost the same time. For what happened a few months ago when Wechsler fell into the toils of the Wisconsin inquisitor is enough to make any American, let alone any newspaperman, shudder and fear for our intellectual and political freedom. That last section should make "The Age of Suspicion" must reading for newspapermen and lawmakers, and anyone else who is concerned with the first amendment to the Constitution.

Maybe it wouldn't be as easy for other editors to be pilloried. As is noted earlier, Jimmy isn't ordinary. He has worked only for four, extraordinary publications, all of them underwritten in one way or another —the Communist-directed organ of the American Student Union before he saw the light; the leftwing *Nation,* the weird, unbelievable *PM,* and the shrilly liberal *New York Post,* none of which has ever shown an objective point of view in any issue in which its political or social credos were involved. Moreover, Jimmy would have a hard time on run-of-the-mill newspapers.

James Wechsler—"one-handed typewriter."

To function perfectly he requires a one-handed typewriter which leaves the other hand free to carry picket-line signs and ward off haymakers, a desk big enough to stow a soapbox under, a publisher understanding enough to give him plenty of time to organize and simultaneously report the activities of new political groups and movements, and a public perceptive enough to see that underneath he's a pretty humble and courageous little guy with some stubborn and passionate convictions.

AND that he is, which counts for a lot, even—or especially—when we become the most irritated at his certainties. He is also Everyman for anyone who believes in the second chance, and in the right to differ, and that restitutive actions speak for themselves; and who sees these everyday American assumptions challenged by cunning men. And, even if none of this concerned or bothered us, "The Age of Suspicion" contains some characterizations and analyses, bitter or pitying or penetrating, that would make most of it worthwhile to the student of the American scene. The story of *PM*'s political writhings is classic, the warning report on foolish, moonstruck Henry Wallace's Presidential campaign memorable.

But more memorable than anything else is the way Wechsler paints a picture of a victim of today's Judge Jeffreys:

"There are moments when each man is alone with himself; he knows his weaknesses and his failures, his vanities and his follies. But these are endurable discoveries; they are real, they have rational roots, they are explicable. But no moment can be much more hideous than that in which your own estimate of yourself is alleged to be a case of mistaken identity; when you are charged with harboring the doctrine that you long ago renounced; and, worst of all, when you know that the men who are making the charge do not believe what they are saying. To be catapulted into the realm of madness without losing one's own reason is a rough journey."

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Atomic Dixie

"Southern Accent: From Uncle Remus to Oak Ridge," by William T. Polk *(William Morrow. 264 pp. $4), is a Dixie newspaperman's informal report on what has happened to Southern thinking on race relations, labor relations, politics, and industrialization during the past decade.*

By George F. Scheer

THE South has had a God's plenty of critics and champions, as we say below the Mason-Dixon line. But perhaps more than anyone else FDR, in endeavoring to solve the South's economic problems as the first step in righting the "economic unbalance of the nation as a whole," focused serious, lasting attention on modern Dixie. Despite all the economic legerdemain of the New Deal, and the war and postwar booms, the problems have not been solved; but as William T. Polk hastens to point out in "Southern Accent," "Whatever may be said against the New Deal, it did improve the lot of the poor, and the South had more than its share of those." And with the New Deal and new prosperity the South since 1940 has seen a steady gain in material things. This has strongly influenced and perhaps shaped the four main currents in present-day Southern thought: race relations, labor relations, politics, and industrialization.

To show what has happened and what the region has been thinking in recent years Mr. Polk speaks up in a strong Southern accent. Reporting as a newspaperman, he follows in a splendid tradition, for the books of Clarence Cason, Virginius Dabney, Jonathan Daniels, John Temple Graves, and W. J. Cash are as profound in their way and as valuable as those of talented specialists in sociology, politics, and economics.

"Southern Accent" does not pretend, however, to be a "comprehensive picture of the region." "The South without tears or pedantry is what I have tried to get in this book." To do so, the author has written not an orderly study, but a book full of a variety of things: a warm, loving portrayal of the Southern small town; a satire—almost as funny as Stephen Leacock—on literary depictions of the South; an entertaining comparison of the speech of Elizabethan England with that of the South; a mouth-watering tour of Southern kitchens, barbecues, and church socials. There is a great deal here of the good old days as remembered by Aunt Lina,

W. T. Polk—"victory and defeat."

"before Victoria and Lincoln and Jeff Davis and Sherman and Grant ruined the world, when the brandy came from France, the carpets from Brussels, the cigars and rum from Havana, the diamond shirt studs and the servants from Africa, and the gentleman from the South."

Here, also, wearing research gracefully, are some of the most factual, up-to-date statements on Southern crime, race relations, politics, industry, tourist business, and other matters that the general reader is likely to come by.

"I had to leave out many important phases," admits the author with charming candor, "partly because of physical limitations . . . partly because of ignorance, and partly because of my inability to make a subject such as education or religion readable." While they might not have been as readable as the rest of "Southern Accent" most assuredly is, it is too bad Mr. Polk omitted discussions of education and religion. For religion has had much to do with making the South what it is, and education is about the only thing that can change it into something else. Tenants, sharecroppers, folklore, music, and some other things usually associated with the land of cotton also are here forgotten. But neither omissions nor the author's conservative-liberal reasoning on such questions as race relations mar the success with which he has created a wondrously amusing, tolerant, and knowing account of what the South was, is, and may become.

It is a beguilingly informal book with an air of unstudied simplicity about it; in reading it let the reader remember the author's admission that "as Southerners we have known nature and civilization, victory and defeat, wealth and poverty. We are not always as simple as we look and hardly ever as simple as we talk."

Fightin' Bob

"Robert M. LaFollette," by Bella Case LaFollette and Fola LaFollette *(Macmillan. 2 vols., 1305 pp. $15), the first full-length biography of the great Wisconsin liberal, is the work of his wife and daughter. Here it is reviewed by George Mowry, professor of history at the University of California at Los Angeles and author of "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement."*

By George F. Mowry

ROBERT MARION LAFOLLETTE was from an old American family. Some of his Huguenot ancestors fought with Washington, and his grandfather owned a farm in Kentucky next to Thomas Lincoln's. From one frontier clearing to another the family moved west until it settled down in Primrose, Wisconsin, where Robert was born in a log house six years before the opening of the Civil War. His life in some ways was almost Lincolnesque. A member of the national House of Representatives, three times Governor of Wisconsin, and a United States Senator for twenty years, LaFollette became indelibly connected with advanced progressivism and militant isolationism. As Governor he made his state into a laboratory of democratic experiment and progressive achievement. As Senator his views on foreign policy led him to the climactic struggle against America's entrance into World War I and into joining the "irreconcilables" in their diehard struggle against the League of Nations. Simultaneously he fought a consistent twenty-year battle for the civil and social rights of the small man against "predatory wealth and power." He died in 1925, but his political life really culminated in his 1924 independent campaign for the Presidency, when without financial or party support he won the endorsement of every sixth voter. Thereafter the LaFollette tradition lived on in his sons: Philip, thrice Governor of Wisconsin, and Robert, who occupied his father's Senate seat until defeated by Joseph McCarthy in 1946.

"Robert M. LaFollette" by Bella Case LaFollette and Fola LaFollette, his wife and daughter, is the first full-length biography, and has been in preparation for well over twenty years. For a family biography this work is a surprisingly good one. At times it is understandably biased toward its subject, and it sometimes de-emphasizes aspects of LaFollette's career that were not precisely consistent with his

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progressive-isolationist creed. One looks in vain, for example, for an explanation of LaFollette's position in the campaign of 1896, or his attitude toward the Spanish-American War and its attendant imperialism. Like Theodore Roosevelt, William Allen White, and so many other progressives, LaFollette at the time was a high-tariff, gold-standard, conservative Republican, and his own road to Damascus is not sufficiently mapped. But when all of this is said these volumes constitute a real contribution to the history of the times. They are remarkably free from the cloying superlatives usually found in the genre. They are serious, detailed, and full of well-established facts, reminding one of Battle Bob's own trenchant speeches. At times, as in the chapters dealing with the Senator's fight against entering World War I and his courageous defense of civil liberties during that struggle, they rise to an intensity that is pure drama. Even those internationalists of today who demand that history conform to their present attitudes on world questions will scarcely leave these pages without acknowledging Robert LaFollette's massive integrity. Against both the tide of the times and the persecuting emotionalism of his associates he persisted in voicing and voting his beliefs.

At one point in these volumes the authors ascribe LaFollette's "faith" to Primrose, Wisconsin. The point needs emphasis and elaboration. For throughout the Senator's life his values were those of the provincial, individualistic, and egalitarian-minded folk from which he sprang. Whether in domestic business or in foreign politics they saw accumulated power as a threat to their basic creed of the Jeffersonian individual. LaFollette objected to America's entrance into the European power struggle because he felt it would endanger that Middle Western tradition. "I do not covet for this country a position in the world," he once said, "which history has shown would make us the object of endless jealousies and hatreds, involve us in perpetual war, and lead to the extinction of our domestic liberties." Unlike so many of his contemporaries, he realized the vital connection between a nation's internal economic structure and the imperatives of foreign policy. Consistently his 1924 domestic program with its anti-trust emphasis sought to fragment existing business power and recapture a rapidly disappearing America. Most of his reforms, like those of the Roman Gracchi, were simply new instruments to restore old virtues. LaFollette was in many ways a great conservative, whose tragedy was to have been born in an incalculably swift-running world.

Perfidious Benedict

"The Traitor and the Spy," by James Thomas Flexner *(Harcourt, Brace. 431 pp. $5.75), is the story of America's most celebrated spy, Benedict Arnold, and his fellow conspirator, the talented Major John André. Professor John R. Alden of the University of Nebraska, who reviews it here, is the author of "The American Revolution," a forthcoming volume in the New American Nation Series.*

By John R. Alden

THE "traitor" and the "spy" of James Thomas Flexner's latest book, "The Traitor and the Spy," are those ever-glamorous men Benedict Arnold and Major John André, the one America's most famous betrayer, his name a household word for perfidy, the other the gallant, talented, and handsome young Englishman whose harsh fate was and is mourned on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Flexner tells the stories of both men and also of Peggy Shippen, the friend of the British officer, the wife of the American general. He might well have called his book "The Traitor, the Beauty, and the Spy." Recounting their separate histories, he deals at some length, of course, with the Arnold-André conspiracy that ended so fatally for the participants and Peggy.

It was not to be expected that the author should offer much new information about his principal characters, and he does not. André's tragic career was described a century ago by Winthrop Sargent, a sympathetic, though not always critical biographer; in 1880 Isaac Arnold produced a respectable

—*Illustrations from "The Traitor and the Spy."*

John André—"giddy junior officer."

Benedict Arnold—"bold, mercenary."

account of his namesake; and Carl Van Doren recently described in scholarly fashion the extraordinary plot in which Arnold, André, the British commander Sir Henry Clinton, and others engaged. Mr. Flexner has, however, freshly explored the evidence available to his predecessors and has made use of other data in the possession of the André family not hitherto exploited. As a result he has been able to make a few corrections and additions of detail which are valuable.

To say that the author has not unearthed vast quantities of new material implies no reflection upon his learning or his genius—such quantities probably do not exist. Indeed, although his reference to Mrs. Richard Bache as a niece of Benjamin Franklin may surprise some Philadelphians, he displays scholarship as well as a gifted pen. His narrative is fundamentally sound, his style very pleasing.

Some historians will be unhappy as they discover that Mr. Flexner supplements fact with flights of fancy. He frequently describes the thoughts and the feelings of Benedict, Peggy, and John—thus he has André foreseeing the French Revolution—as if they were surely ascertained, when he is merely guessing. He does not guess preposterously, he does not add to the old wives' tales and weird interpretations concerning Arnold and Peggy Shippen which remain current.

The Arnold of Mr. Flexner is the real Arnold, able, bold, brave, coarse, mercenary, not the mythical man who was ill-treated and made a mistake in a tempest of passion, but the man who coveted money and pleasure and who bargained with the British for sixteen months—an amazingly long period of passion—before the discovery of his treachery. One is less certain about his analysis of charming Peggy Shippen, because there is so little known about her. He sees Peggy as a strong-

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minded though frequently hysterical woman who stimulated her husband to treason and was a full partner in his dealings with Clinton and André. It seems most unlikely that she did not know Arnold was in contact with the British. There is, however, no substantial evidence that she was a principal in the conspiracy, nor that she was forceful in youth. She was in later years a vigorous personality, but she may have become so as the result of the suffering which came to her and hers after the catastrophic end of the conspiracy.

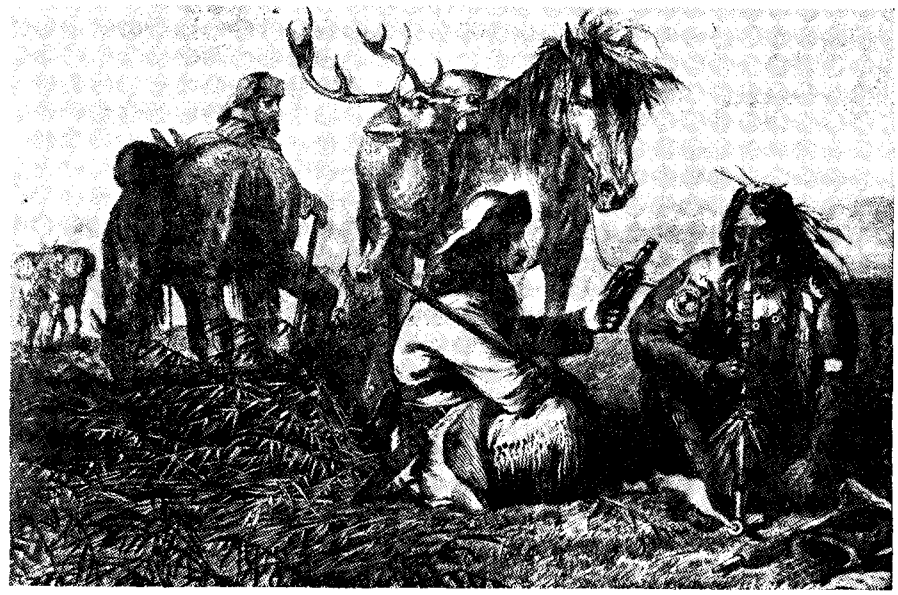
ABOUT André, too, the author writes cogently. He does not argue that the patriots erred in executing him. His publishers would have it (on the dust-cover) that he paints an entirely new, a "ruthless" André. He does no such thing. On the other hand, he resists romanticizing about him. He indicates that André was a giddy junior officer, that he had almost become a serious professional soldier before his tragic death, that he remained to the end an attractive and admirable figure. He might have added that André did not become adultly shrewd, no matter how noble.

Mr. Flexner has written a fine, moving book upon a great theme. He has given flesh to Arnold, André, and Peggy, genuine flesh, even though its contours may be a trifle uncertain. It is to be hoped that those who spend their days with historical novels that are neither novels nor historical will give him a few hours.

In order not to frighten these folk and others who fear footnotes, Mr. Flexner's publishers refrain from putting his references with the text. They didn't even put them in the rear of the book. They have a new "wrinkle." The references are printed in a separate pamphlet, which the purchaser of the book may obtain from Harcourt, Brace, free upon request. To this reviewer the "wrinkle" is attractive rather than disfiguring.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ichabod Crane ("The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving). 2. Marmion ("Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott). 3. Mr. Thoroughgood ("Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell). 4. Don Quixote ("Don Quixote," by Cervantes). 5. Rustum ("Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold). 6. Sir Guyon ("The Faerie Queene," by Edmund Spenser). 7. Tam o' Shanter ("Tam o' Shanter," by Robert Burns). 8. Ken McLaughlin ("My Friend Flicka," by Mary O'Hara). 9. Velvet Brown ("National Velvet," by Enid Bagnold). 10. Jody ("The Red Pony," by John Steinbeck).



—*From "Hear the Train Blow."*

"The fur trade of the Thirties and Forties was floated on whisky from St. Louis."

Last Noble Gasps

"Cheyenne Autumn," by Mari Sandoz *(McGraw-Hill. 282 pp. $4.50), tells the story of the heroic flight of the North Cheyenne Indians before the advance of white men during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Below it is reviewed by Oliver LaFarge, president of the American Association on Indian Affairs and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel "Laughing Boy."*

By Oliver LaFarge

THE history of the American Indians' struggle to salvage a tolerable way of life from the wreckage created by the hordes of savage white men abounds in heroic passages. Many of these, such as Chief Joseph's great retreat or the magnificent resistance of Cochise and his Chiricahua Apaches, have been well chronicled. The most appealing of all, however, the fighting flight of the Northern Cheyennes from what is now Oklahoma back to their homeland, has been almost ignored.

The barest recital of the facts leaves one impressed with the gallantry, the nobility, and the decency of these Indians. The story is on the grand scale, small though the numbers involved (there were but small numbers involved on the Greek side at Thermopylae, too). It is drama and tragedy, but not complete tragedy. Against odds that it is hard to believe anyone would face and continue facing, after the most extreme suffering, the survivors did obtain their goal. By then men, women, and children had proven themselves epic heroes—and many of them met death in the proving.

In 1941 Howard Fast told this story in "The Last Frontier." His narrative was held to the point of view of the whites who fought, persecuted, and dreaded that little band of Cheyennes, and they, who were inevitably the heroes of the piece, were shown as in a negative cast. It remains a good book, a surprising one to come from a devoted follower of the Communist line, but it lacks internal view of the protagonists.

Mari Sandoz, well equipped by research, by early knowledge of the people themselves, and by a writer's gift of projection, has gone inside the Cheyennes and told their story richly in "Cheyenne Autumn."

Although her work is factually grounded and well annotated, she has filled out the data with imaginative details, but these are based on real knowledge of the Indians themselves. She has listened, too, to those detailed accounts of action in combat that the older Plains Indians preserved so accurately; some of these she had at first hand, some at only one generation's remove. She is, then, well equipped to use a little imagination to round out bare fact without distortion.

We are likely to think of any such group as a mass of people all with

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one face, but her story is packed with names, and to each name the sketch of a personality, good or bad, for us to know, like, dislike. The Northern Cheyennes become real in their severalty, and from time to time we get a full, human glimpse of some on the other side. Occasionally the many individuals are hard to keep clear in mind, but remarkably seldom. She has written with the passion this subject would arouse in any generous heart; at moments, but not often, she has overwritten.

Not only in American history but in all history it is hard to find stories as moving, noble, and dramatic as this one. The highest praise one could give any book about it would be to say that it was worthy of its subject. "Cheyenne Autumn" deserves that accolade.

Notes

VANISHED GOLD: The Southwestern United States is strewn with legends of lost mines, which lie like dreams on its landscape. J. Frank Dobie has told us much in his books of such mines hidden under names like the Lost Nigger Mine, the Lost Adams Diggings, and the Lost Bowie Mine. Now, in **"The Lost Dutchman Mine"** (Morrow, $3.50), a valuable addition to this young and lively branch of the literature of myth, Sims Ely has written a succinct, fascinating, and entirely persuasive history of a single gold mine, the Lost Dutchman.

Mr. Ely, who is now over ninety-one years of age, first came in contact with the mine in 1895 when he moved to Phoenix, Arizona. During the next twenty-five years he and a local rancher spent a good deal of their spare time and money in unsuccessfully hunting the mine. They did manage, however, to unearth enough factual information to convince them of the mine's existence, as well as its probable appearance, location, and value. That material is the nucleus of Mr. Ely's book, and it goes something like this:

The Lost Dutchman lies in the Superstition Mountains, forty miles east of Phoenix in the forbidding Malpais country, and was first owned by a Mexican named Don Miguel Peralta as part of a huge land grant accorded him in 1748 by Ferdinand VI of Spain. White men first learned of the mine in 1871, when Peralta's great-grandson took two German miners, Jacob Waltz and Jacob Weiser, to the mine, where, in several weeks' time, they helped excavate some $60,000 worth of ore. Peralta later gave them the mine, and disappeared. Weiser was

(*Continued on page* 51)

NEW EDITIONS

The Joys of Outgroups

ACCORDING to Clifton Fadiman, if you enjoy poetry you belong to "what the sociologists call an outgroup," a group "somewhat isolated from the main central drive of our time." But judging by the books that are on my desk at the moment, this group is large enough to make publishers consider its wants. Here, for a start, are "One Thousand and One Poems of Mankind" (Tupper & Love, Atlanta, $5), compiled by Henry W. Wells, with a foreword by Fadiman, from which I have just quoted; "Tilbury Town" (Macmillan, $3.50), selected poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson, with introduction and notes by Lawrence Thompson; Masefield's "Salt-Water Poems and Ballads" (Macmillan, $4), illustrated by Charles Pears; Conrad Aiken's "Collected Poems" (Oxford, $10.50); and "Poems 1940-1953" (Random House, $3), by Karl Shapiro.

The Wells anthology, as its subtitle says, consists of "memorable short poems from the world's chief literatures," and, as only about one-seventh of the selected verse was originally written in English, the editor's choice has been limited by the number of excellent and passable translations available. They are almost surprisingly numerous. The resulting anthology, which has drawn heavily on Eastern as well as Western verse, goes far to prove that so far as poetic thoughts and emotions are concerned we live in one world—and it is a storehouse crammed with what Mr. Wells calls "treasures in miniature." Writing of Robinson more than twenty-five years ago, I said that he was "above all a biographer of souls, who is bound to humanity by the dual bond of sympathy and humor." The Tilbury poems that Mr. Thompson has brought together are among the finest examples of this poet-biographer's art. Mr. Thompson's notes are interesting, and his introduction informative; but the latter carelessly gives a misleading picture of the comparative prosperity of the poet's father and brothers at the time that Robinson left Havard. It has been Masefield's misfortune to be England's laureate during years in which his kind of poetry has become increasingly unfashionable with the would-be guardians of literary taste; but this proves nothing as to the merit of his work, for fashions in poetry appear as ridiculous in the eyes of posterity as quickly as do other fashions. Masefield's sea poems, long popular, are for the most part grimly humorous: death is the Grand Admiral of his seven seas, and disaster rides the waves. For the past forty years Conrad Aiken has been one of our most prolific, most various poets. At his best he is a conjurer of vivid images, and a master of irregular, sinuous, prosodic designs, from which music rises, swelling and diminishing under his control. Like Robinson, he is primarily interested in human lives and fates, but the expressive techniques of the two poets are usually, and widely, dissimilar. His weakness, I think, is a fondness for excessive length. The late F. O. Matthiessen thought well enough of Karl Shapiro's poetry to give it eighteen pages in "The Oxford Book of American Verse." The new Shapiro volume contains ninety-three poems which the poet himself thinks are his best. He is, as a rule, a poet of occasions—responsive to specific external stimuli. He uses words with care and skill, never permitting them to run away with a poem. He is sensitive and imaginative, intelligent, witty, and intense; and he is an image-maker. But his writing often lacks that verbal magic without which a poem cannot move from the page into the reader's memory.

Then there are translations: "The Translations of Ezra Pound" (New Directions, $6), with an introduction by Hugh Kenner which rationalizes liberties and errors—Pound is at his best with Cavalcanti; Arthur Waley's "The Nō Plays of Japan" (Grove Press, $4), richly delightful, and more satisfying than Pound's specimens of Nō; Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal" (British Book Centre, $2.75), Englished by Alan Condor with more success than others have enjoyed in the enterprise; and "The Blue Grove" (Grove Press, $3), W. G. Archer's translations of Uraon popular poetry, a vital part of the life of "an aboriginal tribe of Dravidian stock living in Central India."

"Poems by John Wilmot Earl of Rochester" may be had unexpurgated, well-edited, in a charming format (Muses Library, Harvard, $3). Oscar Williams gives us "A Little Treasure of British Poetry" (Scribner's, $3), and a revised, enlarged "Golden Treasury" (Mentor, 50¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Saturday Review

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The Plight of the Novelist

EVER since the end of the First World War the public has awaited the literary masterpiece which was to have been born of it and has awaited it in vain. Thirty-five years and another universal cataclysm have passed since the Treaty of Versailles but we have had no "War and Peace" and no work of fiction which even approximates to greatness. While the wars were raging it was generally held that great novels, like poetry, eventuated from emotion remembered in tranquility and that once the turmoil and agonies of conflict were past some magnificent work of art would thrust itself out. That none has done so is perhaps less disproof of the assumption than proof that though the clangor of battle is over its confusion still remains.

Creative literature is a plant of delicate nurture; it demands for its successful production a proper climate of ideas as well as a soil enriched and vigorous. It needs public response to its stimulus and a pattern of thought capable of stimulating the public. As Matthew Arnold, so quoted in his day, so unfortunately neglected in our own, said long ago: "For the creation of a masterwork of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment."

Our moment, alas, still remains one of a thousand tensions, of divided opinions, of discordant councils. In the hubbub of the present it is almost impossible to get perspective on the past or vision for the morrow. To write of life the novelist must have some coherent view of it, see it whole and as something more than a series of episodes; he must have a philosophy of living and not merely reactions to events. He must be able to discern an order to existence and the promise of its continuance, and he must be able to count on a normal world if only so that he can sort out the contradictions and abnormalities of human conduct. Presumably the creative writer has an intuition quicker, an emotional understanding more penetrating, an imagination readier than it is given to the average man to possess. But by that very fact he is more susceptible to the doubts and the strains that beset an uneasy time than the less sensitive public.

The novelist, moreover, is under the handicap of having to create a world of men and women moving through events dramatic enough, or amusing enough, or interesting enough to hold attention in a sober and tragic period. By definition he is a romancer, but in this day of ours romance has become less striking than fact, and the moods and passions of the figures of his creation lose force and impact in a world full of persons whose trials and griefs and disappointments and victories have a poignance which no fictional work can equal or surpass.

Thus, the novelist who has been practising his art in recent years has been confounded by a combination of circumstances which militated against his producing great literature. He has lived in a period of such enormous events, a period so all-embracing in its happenings, its possibilities, and its passions as to make its portrayal almost inevitably less affecting than the reality. He has had to depict human nature at a time when men were confused as to their purposes, shaken in their confidence, and fearful of the future and he is accused, if he concentrates on this aspect alone of their attitudes, of warping the truth, while, on the other hand, if he ignores it the charge is brought against him of seeing life through rose-colored glasses. So, damned if he does and damned if he doesn't, in either case he is upbraided for throwing life out of focus and evading reality. Thus, hampered by his own fears and confusions, and aware of the surrounding ambiguities, he either devotes himself to the trivial or bogs down in a work which demands an olympian detachment he cannot achieve. No wonder that fiction has fallen upon so lean a time. The temper of the day has moved away from it and rendered infinitely harder an art always shot through with difficulty. At least we can hope that under the stultification of the present is simmering an awareness of the many facets of human existence and conduct which will come to splendid florescence in a less turbulent era. A. L.

Winter Within

By Sjanna Solum

SEE how the tissue of this body grows
bedewed with heat! Even my hair is damp!
In such a land no iron-shod cold can tramp
upon this most astonishing winter rose.
Wrapt in the folds of a gold flamboyant shawl
of sunlight, comforting the very heart,
congratulating myself on being apart,
divorced, from winter at long last, once for all,
remembrance shakes me, leaves me shivering . . .
I drop the plucked ripe orange from my hand
to spread my fingers against the harsh command
of retrospect which is so chilling a thing—
knowing myself unutterably lost
in cold more devastating than snow, than frost.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"POLICING THE LANGUAGE"

PROFESSOR CHARLTON LAIRD has made a sensible resolution of the paradox of conservation and progress in language [*SR* Nov. 14]. None could deny that many of the historically sound expressions are on the way to being replaced. Apparently the subjunctive in English is going the way of the optative and the conditional, so that we hear "if I was a bird" instead of "if I were a bird." There seems to be nothing sacred in case distinctions, and we shudder less than formerly at "It is me" and "to you and I." After all, we no longer distinguish the ablative and the dative. We may even come to accept double negatives as well as do the French. These locutions offend my ear, but they do not offend my intelligence. They may be lapses of taste and literacy, but they are not deadly linguistic sins.

There is, however, another class of error in the use of language that seems to me inexcusable. Shifts of construction between parts of a sentence, dislocation of logical relationships, unreasonable tense sequences, fractured syntax in general: these are the crimes of which I would complain. The worst of it is that we are likely to find these errors in the work of competent writers, even of scholars. This is not progress and development in the language. It is just plain sloppy writing.

I submit some samples collected in recent months, several of them from *SR*. I offer them without further comment.

. . . *had he lived* to bear a part in the main drama, his contribution *may well have been* memorable. (Dr. Ola Elizabeth Winslow, formerly professor of English, in "Meeting House Hill")

. . . I said I would *prefer* to take the criticism *than* to permit Wallace to interfere. (James Forrestal in published diary)

. . . we had *barely no* rain at all. (Daphne du Maurier in "My Cousin Rachel")

. . . the teaching of humanities has come quite *a ways*. (Prof. John H. Randall, Jr., *SR* Sept. 20, 1952)

. . . *Because* we cannot understand the poor creatures in a madhouse *is* no sign that they speak with the wisdom of Solomon. (Ben Lucien Burman, *SR* Nov. 1, 1952)

. . . Stravinsky uses *twice as many* beats to a measure *than* does the Met conductor. (Henry Hewes, *SR* Feb. 14)

. . . The Italian symphonic conductor . . . remains *a phenomena*. (Irving Kolodin, *SR* Feb. 28)

LAURENCE BRINK.

Talent, Ore.

MEMOIRS OF A PRESS AGENT

LEE ROGOW'S REVIEW of my book "Broadway Heartbeat" [*SR* Nov. 14], was lively and colorful. I was surprised, however, [illegible] I failed to come alive in print. That was not my intention. The book is called specifically "Memoirs" because my work has been to make others become alive in print.

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Certainly we can find a better governess than that mousey little Miss Brontë."

EDUCATION FOR WHAT?

SAMMY WHITE is one of my favorite baseball players. It was just announced that he will receive degree credits in a state university for winter work coaching a high-school basketball team three thousand miles away. On the same day I read your stimulating symposium on industry and the liberal arts [*SR* Nov. 21].

No one tries very hard to differentiate education from training. Our universities have degree-granting colleges of pharmacy, landscape gardening, physical education, and secretarial science. Should one who has attained skill in filling a prescription, planting a roadside, coaching a horseshoe or a football team, or answering the telephone and transcribing shorthand be considered "educated"? I do not deprecate these skills. But they are not education. Still the trend is toward intensified emphasis on such training both by industry and in our colleges.

One solution which would have the merit of making for honest definition would be to make most "training" courses post-graduate. In this event the prerequisite bachelor's degree courses should not be pre-engineering or pre-medical or "pre" anything else. I recall Mr. Justice Roberts's answer to a question as to what courses a pre-law student should take. "Philosophy and history," he said. "You will never get over the need for them and you can pick up as you go what accounting you may need."

Albert J. Nickerson in *SR*'s "Report to America" sees danger ahead. "Science is concerned with the measurable . . . Science's dimensions seldom if ever attain the level of moral values and . . . people whose experience is truncated by lack of these wider dimensions . . . may be inadequate to deal successfully with . . . social and economic problems." William H. Whyte, Jr., put it even more graphically, "The technician . . . is fit only to be a lackey, not a leader. He can't conjure, he can't speculate, he can't dream."

Alfred North Whitehead stated it another way when he declared that a scientist makes no value judgments. A nuclear scientist discovers the principles of fission but he makes no judgments as to whether the atomic energy thus unlocked will power our universe or destroy it. On a narrower value judgment it is the politician and not the scientist who must decide whether atomic industrial power is to be under a trusteeship for all the people or to be developed and applied for private profit.

I haven't tried to define education. I don't believe I could. I am pretty sure of some things it is *not*. It is not indoctrination, a fact which is awfully important at a time when so many fear that unorthodox and objectionable views will be accepted just because a student is exposed to them or they are "taught." Nor does education consist merely, as suggested by Alvin C. Eurich, of facts and skills.

Education, it seems to me, should include the creation of a climate where certain attitudes will flourish and fructify.

ORVILLE S. POLAND.

Reading, Mass.

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Critics' Christmas Poll, 1953

IF THE opinion of some sixty-odd music critics and record reviewers who responded to this year's RECORDINGS poll of the year's outstanding records is to be credited, the very top of the pinnacle belongs without question not to an actual studio recording, but to the LP version which RCA Victor made of Verdi's "Otello" as broadcast under Arturo Toscanini in December 1947. No less than thirty-five participants in the 1953 poll nominate it as the "best" operatic recording of the year, and it is awarded runner-up honors by seven others.

Altogether, so far as opera was concerned, it was decidedly a Red Seal year, with twelve preferences going to the Paris-made "Boris Godunoff" (with Boris Christoff), five voting for the pairing of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" with Jussi Bjoerling, Zinka Milanov, *et al.*, and three for the just-issued "Tristan und Isolde" with Kirsten Flagstad. No other product received more than a single mention.

We have chosen this approach to the annual sampling of critical opinion for the reason that no other category about which inquiry was made showed such unanimity of approval. In order to pass along as much of this highly expert guidance to Christmas buying and giving as we can offer in this space, we will proceed to other categories in which trends were evident, indicating as the names of the respondents are mentioned how they stood on the operatic question by the following symbols: **Thomas B. Sherman,** *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (O for "Otello"), or **John K. Sherman,** *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (B for "Boris").

Mr. Sherman, for example, is a "Pines" and "Fountains" man where the best orchestral recording is concerned, his preference being for the home-grown Dorati version on Mercury. **James S. Hart** (B) of the *Portland* [Ore.] *Journal* agrees on conductor and orchestra, but cites the Copland Symphony No. 3 as the best work Mercury has done there. Across the country, in the other Portland, **Stella Mills** of the *Press Herald* (O) is devoted to the "Enigma" Variations of Elgar in the Toscanini version, as are **Albert Goldberg** ("Tristan") of the *Los Angeles Times* and **James G. Deane** (O) of the *Washington Star.*

Monotony reigns supreme in the most-mentioned "best orchestral recording of the year," for here too it is a Toscanini effort that polls ten votes, or more than awarded any other disc in this much-worked field. His "Pines" and "Fountains" is nominated as "best" by **Ray Perkins** ("Faust") of the *Denver Post,* **Francis A. Klein** ("Werther") of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* **Conrad B. Harrison** (C & P) of the *Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram,* **Edward C. Brooks, Jr.** (B), of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune,* **Leo Miller** (O) of the *Bridgeport Herald,* **Herbert O'Keef** (O) of the *Raleigh News and Observer,* **Mildred Norton** (O) of the *Los Angeles Daily News,* **Emory Lewis** (O) of *Cue Magazine,* and **Stewart Matter** (O) of the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

Mr. Matter might be termed a telling straw in the wind, for in addition to mentioning Toscanini's "Otello" and the Flagstad "Tristan" as his operatic preferences, he nominates the RCA "Pines" and "Fountains" and the Munch-Boston Symphony "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz as "best" in the orchestral category. In the latter esteem he is joined by no less than seven of his colleagues, beginning with **Leo Lerman** (C & P) of *Mademoiselle,* **Ralph J. Smith** (B) of the *Omaha World-Herald,* **Cyrus W. Durgin** (O) of the *Boston Globe,* **Shirley M. Bell** (O) of the *Charleston Daily Mail,* **Benjamin W. Doropf** (O) of the *Syracuse Post-Standard,* **C. H. Thompson** (O) of the *Kansas City Star,* and **Patterson Greene** (Columbia "Così") of the *Los Angeles Examiner.*

Smaller areas of agreement on the "best" in orchestral recording are shared by **F. G. Rule** of the *Knoxville News-Sentinel* (O), **Mrs. Eugene Carter** (O) of the *Chattanooga Times,* and **Harold Rogers** (O) of the *Christian Science Monitor,* who specify the Mozart Symphonies Nos. 35 and 40 played by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra for Columbia; by **Roger Dettmer** (O) of the *Chicago American,* **David E. Peugot** ("Barbiere") of the *Buffalo Evening News,* and **Walter Grueninger** (O) of the *Consumers' Research Bulletin,* whose favor goes to Smetana's "My Fatherland" in the Rafael Kubelik-Chicago Symphony version on Mercury; by **Paul H. Little** ("Tristan") of the *Musical Leader,* **Hilmar Grondahl** (O) of the *Portland Oregonian,* and **William H. Fields** (O) of the *Atlanta Constitution,* who value the sound of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" as played by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra on London above anything else they have heard this year; and **Elmore Bacon** ("Pagliacci") of the *Cleveland News* and **Delos Smith** (O) of the United Press, who give their favor to Eugene Ormandy's direction of the Prokofiev Seventh Symphony on Columbia. The same Philadelphia Orchestra's "Pictures at an Exhibition" and "Firebird" is mentioned by **Ogden D. Dwight** ("Dido") of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune,* by **Jack Tracy** ("Tosca"), editor of *Down Beat,* and **Clifford Gessler** (O) of the *Oakland Tribune.*

THIS leaves something like thirty-five of the respondents still favoring recordings not yet mentioned, and since the orchestral category is one that affords, perhaps, the widest variety in opinion, we offer the preferences as stated. Three recordings are awarded two votes each: the complete nine symphonies of Beethoven in the Toscanini versions on RCA are endorsed by **George A. Leighton, Jr.** ("Rake's Progress") of the *Columbus Dispatch* and **Herbert Kupferberg** (B) of the *New York Herald Tribune.* The Ninth Symphony itself in the Toscanini version (which swept the field in last year's poll) is given this year's vote by **J. Albert Fracht** (B) of the *Charleston News and Courier* and **Felix Borowski** (B) of the *Chicago Sun-Times.* And the collected examples of virtuoso playing by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra called "First Chair" (Columbia) are prefered by **Samuel L. Singer** (B) of the *Philadelphia Forum Magazine* and also mentioned by **David Kusheloff** of the *Washington Times-Herald.*

The single mentions go this way: **Warren Twyford** (B) of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* Strauss Overtures by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia); **Fred Stern** (O) of the Los Angeles *Playgoer,* Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" in the Mitropolous Philharmonic-Symphony version (Columbia); **Gene Cook** (O), *Life Magazine,* the Liszt E flat Concerto with Claudio Arrau and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia); **Maxine Cushing Gray** (O), *Seattle Post-Intelligencer,* the Von Karajan editions of Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies (Entré); **L. R. Boals** (O), *Youngstown Vindicator,* Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony by Sir

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Thomas Beecham (Columbia); and **Paul Affelder** (O) of the *Brooklyn Eagle,* the Dvorak "Slavonic Dances" by Vaclav Talich (Urania).

Change Talich to Tallis, and you have **William J. Reddell's** (O), of the *San Antonio Express,* expression of favor for the Vaughan Williams "Fantasia" as performed by Leopold Stokowski for RCA Victor. **Richard Kleiner** (O) of the NEA Service speaks up for Ansermet's performance of Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" (London) and **Elizabeth Hughes** (O) of the *Tulsa Daily World* is happiest about Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony in the Ormandy version (Columbia). **Libby Baraf** (O) of the *Review of Recorded Music* selects "Don Juan" of Strauss in Bruno Walter's performance (Columbia) as the best she's heard, a far cry from the preference of **Charles H. Hoofnagle** (O) of the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* for Honegger's Symphony No. 5 as directed by Munch (RCA).

Obviously, other things than pure sound incline **Irving Sablosky** (B) of the *Chicago Daily News* to give precedence in this category to Columbia's reissue of the Beethoven overtures by Felix Weingartner. And favor for works of Beethoven unite Sablosky with **Arthur Darrack** (B) of the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* whose first mention is the Concerto No. 1 as played by Paul Badura-Skoda and Hermann Scherchen on a Westminster record; also **Ray La Rocque** of the *Worcester Sunday Telegram,* who gets down to cases with the Symphony No. 5 in the Jochum version on Epic.

Leafing through the nominations in other categories reveals another trend of unanimity second only to that honoring Toscanini's "Otello." This is an expression of twenty-six critics on behalf of "John Brown's Body" (Columbia) on the line marked "Favorite Miscellaneous Recording." Among those going all out for Benét are several critics not previously mentioned: **Bill Belanger** ("Le Nozze" on Cetra) of the *Huntington* [West Va.] *Herald-Advertiser,* **R. C. Page Jr.** (O) of the *Charlotte Observer,* **Norman L. Johnson** of the *Louisville Courier-Journal,* and **Oscar Smith** (O) of the *Akron Beacon Journal.* And, though the Columbia Literary Series records are just beginning to circulate, they are mentioned by four reviewers as their favorites in this category, with special attention to Somerset Maugham's reading of "The Three Fat Women of Antibes."

The series of Bach sonatas and partitas by Jascha Heifetz (RCA Victor) turns up in several categories, sometimes as "Best Instrumental Record," again in a catch-all labeled "Most Commendable Enterprise of the Year." This was utilized by other answerers to indicate esteem for the Toscanini Beethoven symphonies, for the Columbia Literary Series, and by four highly perceptive persons for the RCA collection called "Critic's Choice" (of which the undersigned was the compiler).

However, the trend in the "Most Commendable Enterprise" area was definitely on the side of those companies which have made responsible efforts to launch a program of contemporary music on records: Columbia for its Modern American Chamber Music series, Mercury for its American Composers series, RCA Victor for the Roger Goeb Symphony. Oscar Smith of Akron, for example, while voting for the Toscanini "Otello" as the "best operatic recording" of the year, nevertheless favored "The Rake's Progress" (Columbia) as the most commendable enterprise. Here, too, one finds mention of the Glenn Miller Memorial Album (RCA Victor), Capitol's "A Study in High Fidelity," the Haydn Society's "Musical Masterpieces before 1750," Capitol's issuance of recordings from the Pittsburgh Festival of last year, Richard Rodgers's "Victory at Sea" (RCA Victor), the Caedmon poetry series, and the Greystone Corporation's three-fold activity.

As concerns vocal records *per se,* a lack of focus yields the most favor (half-a-dozen mentions) for George London's "Of Gods and Demons" (Columbia) and half as many again for his Mozart arias with Bruno Walter, a scattering of favor for Boris Christoff's Russian opera excerpts (HMV), and four or five on behalf of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's several different discs. None of the ladies did nearly so well, unless you get over into the pop neighborhood, where Ertha Kitt carried village, borough, and city by a landslide with "C'est Si Bon" and "I Want to Be Evil" (both on RCA). The partnership of Merman and Martin (Decca) was also commended for its TV duet. **Charles Menees,** one of the few pop specialists to take part in the poll, wants us not to forget the "Sound of the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra" (RCA), "Ted Heath at the Palladium" on London, and, again, the Glenn Miller Memorial Album.

Perhaps the most single-minded response of all came from **Weldon Wallace** of the *Baltimore Sun,* who apparently felt nothing merited mention in the same poll with the Toscanini "Otello," which he described as "the most important recording I have ever heard." As support for his view he offered the opinion: "It is the best Italian opera—in fact, one of the two or three greatest operas—and it is re-created by the best conductor of Italian opera."

In a space reserved for "Comments" a number of repliers declared the year notable for the wider dissemination of interest in high fidelity and for the resultant stimulation in record sales. A typical answer was that provided by R. C. Page of Charlotte, North Carolina: "The many fine classical LP's now being produced, plus the rapid growth of numerous musical organizations here, have brought forth an amazing increase in interest in this area." We allow that to stand as the summation of what all the activity in RECORDINGS is all about: a conviction that more and better recordings will result in an ever-increasing general musical interest.

—I. K.

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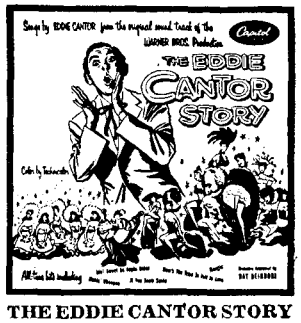
POPULAR RECORDS



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June Hutton 422

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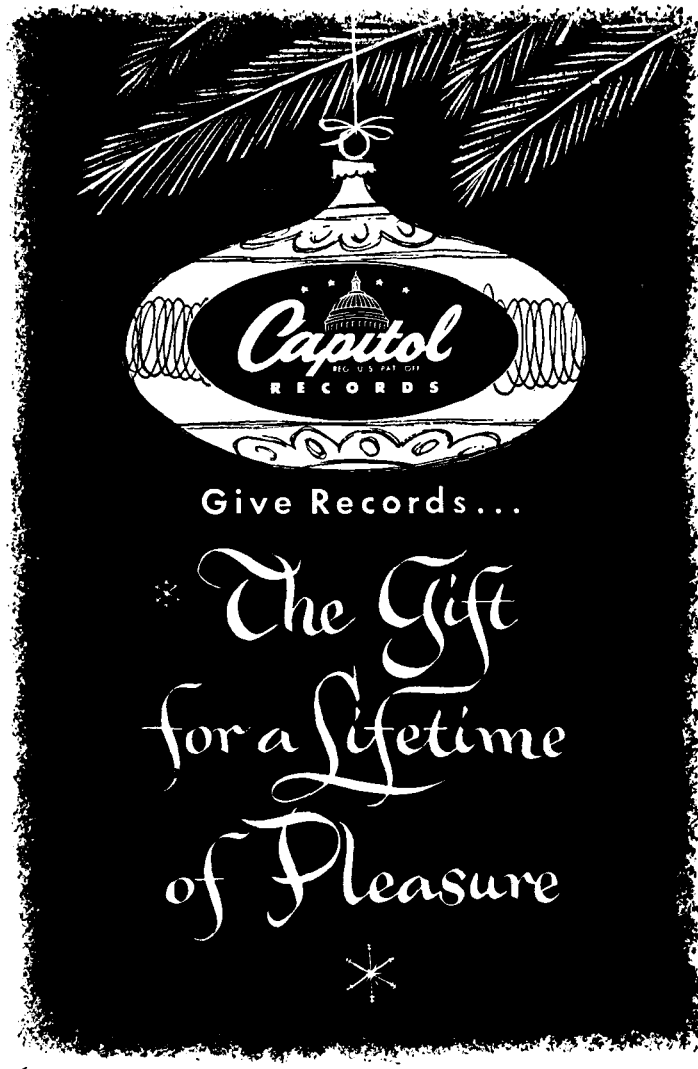

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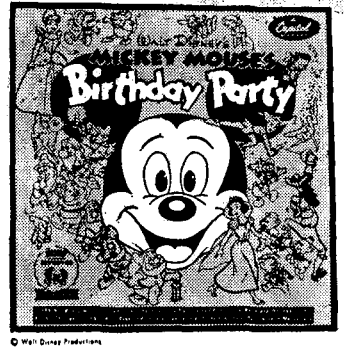

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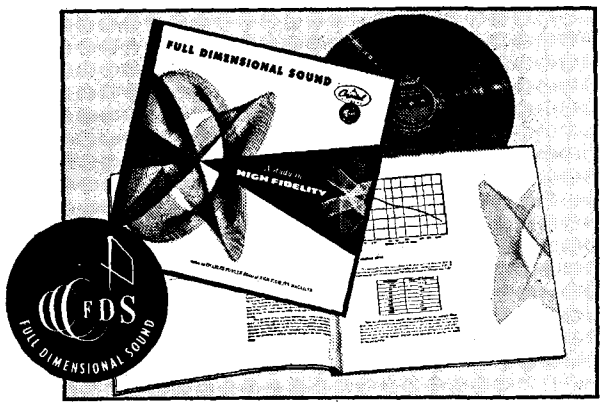

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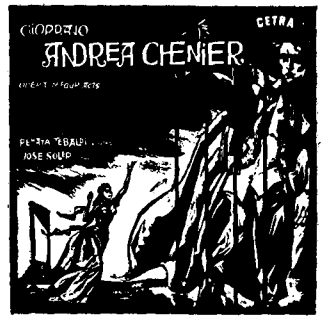

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The Fine Art of Recording

By PETER DELLHEIM

ARTISTS have often been quoted as saying that they would rather play fifty concerts than go through one recording session. To many people this might seem somewhat incongruous. After all, fifty concerts mean some eighty hours of hard work before an audience that has paid good money to be entertained and/or convinced, plus a handful of critics who might mean life or death to the performer's artistic career. One recording session represents some three hours in a more or less comfortable studio without audience or critics but merely a highly impersonal microphone or two and a few faces behind a glass partition seeing to it that the machinery doesn't break down.

But things have a way of being less simple than they seem. In the concert hall the artist faces people who have come to hear him and who in merely being there have cast a vote of confidence that communicates itself to the artist. (Should the house be not especially full he can always blame it on the size of the hall, the management, the weather, and so on.) If his performance is a success he can sense it soon enough, for there will be a mysterious and heady atmosphere of well-being filling the hall and its occupants. There will be a musical meeting of minds that is quite unique in intensity and unanimity.

The recording studio is not nearly so catalytic. How stimulated can the artist become over an empty room, a couple of terribly disinterested-looking microphones, and the faces behind the glass partition who yesterday watched the machines for a blues singer and tomorrow will watch them for a particularly expert competitor? He knows that he is quite alone. That is perhaps his biggest psychological problem; for musical communication needs a communicant, and here he must play for an audience which might eventually be greater than that of his fifty recitals combined but is at the moment of performance not merely invisible, but nonexistent.

In recording, the artist has the opportunity of using his powers of self-analysis to the utmost. If he is a perfectionist, and many artists are, he can spend literally hours on two pages of music. I remember spending a good half-hour on a sixteen-bar passage embodying two notes which a violinist wanted to take in a high position on the G string. The notes occurred in the framework of running passages played on the upper strings and were exceedingly hard to get just right. It is in cases like this that modern recording methods are particularly useful.

Of course, the ultra-sensitive modern microphones pose problems too. If the artist is a pianist, he must watch the manner in which he manipulates the pedal, for any extraneous noise will ruin the recording. If he is a violinist, he can't bring the bow down from over his head in the picturesque and kinetically satisfying way he does in concert; the microphones will pick up the concomitant scratch. He can't move six inches from where he is standing for fear of upsetting the tonal balance; if he hums while he plays, he must stop it; and if he breathes through his nose, he must open his mouth a little so that he may avoid what can sound like a consumptive intrusion on the finished product. And if he does manage to do all these things there is always the chance that a piano will go out of tune, or that the recording machinery (ever more complex) will develop trouble, or that a sudden heavy thunderstorm will penetrate the studio with its sporadic rumbles.

Another question that needs particular consideration concerns tempo and dynamics. In the case of tempo, it is generally true that slow movements must be played with slightly more propulsion than in concert hall performance. This is probably accounted for by the lack of the visual and congregational elements found at concerts. In the case of dynamics the artist is likely to overproject in concert (to make up for the deplorable acoustic properties of most concert halls as well as for their enormous size). In recording, the distance from the microphone and their settings in terms of volume largely determines what frame of dynamic reference the artist may use. Until recently this has been very hard for the artist to adjust because of the tendency on the part of engineers to monitor dynamics. One might say that the gamut of dynamics used to run from A to B. Nowadays, with better equipment and a more musical attitude on the part of the record companies, it is likely that as much as an hour out of a three-hour session will be spent in placing microphone or microphones in such a manner that the softest *piano* and the loudest *forte* produced by the artist can be contained on the recording without any mechanical compensation on the part of the engineers.

A factor tangential to the matter of tempo and dynamics is that of pauses between movements and the length of fermatas. In recording, this consideration is given more careful attention than is usual in the concert hall. How often have we sat after a first movement of a symphony waiting for the beginning of the second while late-comers were seated and the conductor chafed at what he rightly feels is a break of musical flow! We must remember that the rests, even between movements, are very much a part of the music itself.

Aside from the somewhat unascertainable psychological factors involved, certain physical factors are posed by the size and liveness of the hall and the performers' distance from the microphones. Anyone who has ever directed an amateur choral group will know that a fermata in a Bach chorale sung in a church will involve a much longer pause than the same fermata sung in the clergyman's library. Generally speaking, then, it is a matter of adjustment. Slow music is taken not quite so slowly on records and fast music is usually slowed up a trifle (the performer's maximum safe speed is more quickly recognized on records than in performance).

THE ARTIST'S goal in making a recording is to fix his particular present attitude toward a piece of music in more or less permanent form. If he is sincere, if he is recording music toward which he has a very particular attitude, and if he receives sympathetic treatment from the business concern for which he is performing his re-creative act, he has a better chance than ever before of fulfilling his obligation to himself, the music, and his public.

The advent of magnetic tape and the microgroove record during the last seven years has certainly done a great deal for the recording artist. He now has the means to control the medium of his expression: time. He no longer has to play a piece all the way through, as in performance, and hope it comes out satisfactorily, or chop the continuous musical idea of, say, a fifteen-minute movement into more or less exact three- or four-minute segments, as was necessary when the wax disc was in use. If he doesn't feel a certain passage to be exactly the way he wants it, he can go home, work it over, and fit it in the

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next day—or a month later. If he plays a few notes or a note out of tune, he can have a second try at those few notes or that one particular note, and it can be fitted into his musical sequence with the minimum requirements of a pair of scissors and a steady hand on the part of an engineer.

MUCH has been made of the ethics of correcting a note or passage by splicing from different "takes." There are those who object to it as preventing a realistic flow. It is possible that these people have had some unhappy musical experience with works dubbed from disc to tape where the joinings have been something less than successful. This is, of course, quite possible. Although we have seen many successful reissues of old 78-rpm sets (the Weingartner recordings are a particularly good example), in some instances unsatisfying moments have resulted when the end of one side concluded in one tempo and the next side picked up in another, or when the end of a side caused the artists to introduce a particularly unrealistic *ritard* just to make the arbitrary break more graceful. However, if the artist has his "present attitude" well in hand from the point of view of tempo and dynamics, any number of splices can be made in context without the least adverse effect on the musical flow.

Other objectors to splicing pass a sort of *a priori* judgment on the matter, probably under the still popular misconception that portrays the artist as the wild-eyed creature of fiction whose performance constitutes an utter abandonment to creative passion. Concert management, the movies, and literature have done much to promote this impression. Sometimes the artist has done it too, but then rather wilfully, and only in trying to attain popular success as opposed to his real work—*musical* success. There is a very important difference between the two, and it is in recording that the artist has his best opportunity of assembling his musical achievement.

Now we are getting at the main point I wish to make, the extreme compatibility of the artist's *modus operandi* and modern recording methods.

We don't really know how a person gets to be a musical artist any more than we know what makes an actor, a painter, an architect, or for that matter, a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker. But once he has chosen the re-creation of music as a way of life his main desire is to achieve a performance that precisely reflects his attitude toward a piece of music. He can practise the piece for years, and in every performance there will be at least something that is not right. That is because the performance *is* a sometime thing, and although it might theoretically be possible to play a "perfect" performance, the same holds true for artistic endeavor as for any other human work: the spirit is willing but the flesh is often weak. In recording, the artist is no longer at the mercy of his own weaknesses and that most important thing, time. For the first time in the history of musical performance, the artist is capable of expressing himself in such a way that he can stand by the result and say, "This is exactly what I mean."

It is just this possibility for perfection that makes the future of the recording process such an interesting subject for speculation. I rather think these first few years of recording—and, after all, fifty years is very little time for an art to exist—have been largely years of experimentation, years of getting one symphony on a record or a record side, of inventing better microphones, in general, of achieving technical competence. I think the next fifty years will show an equal progress in artistic competence.

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FRANCK Symphony in D Minor MG50023
BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 MG50022
WAGNER Lohengrin Preludes to Acts I & III; Tannhauser Overture; Die Meistersinger Overture; Ride of the Valkyries MG50021

ANTAL DORATI conducting the MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
COPLAND Symphony No. 3 MG50018
RESPIGHI The Pines of Rome; The Fountains of Rome MG50011
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5 MG50008
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Scheherazade, Symphonic Suite MG50009
JOHANN STRAUSS Wiener Blut; Wine, Women and Song; Tales from the Vienna Woods; The Emperor MG50019

RAFAEL KUBELIK conducting the CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SMETANA Ma Vlast ("My Fatherland") OL-2-100
HINDEMITH Symphonic Metamorphosis; **SCHOENBERG** Five Pieces for Orchestra MG50024
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 ("Pathetique") MG50006
DVORAK Symphony No. 5 ("From the New World") MG50002
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 MG50003

HOWARD HANSON conducting the EASTMAN-ROCHESTER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
GOULD Latin-American Symphonette; **BARBER** "School for Scandal" Overture; Adagio for Strings; Essay No. 1 MG40002
HARRIS Symphony No. 3; **HANSON** Symphony No. 4 MG40004
RIEGGER New Dance; **HOVHANESS** Concerto No. 1 ("Arevakal"); **COWELL** Symphony No. 4 MG40005
AMERICANA FOR SOLO WINDS AND STRING ORCHESTRA MG40003

FREDERICK FENNELL conducting the EASTMAN SYMPHONIC WIND ENSEMBLE
AMERICAN CONCERT BAND MASTERPIECES MG40006

SIXTEN EHRLING conducting the STOCKHOLM RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SIBELIUS Symphonies 1 through 7 MG10125, MG10129, MG10141, MG10142, MG10143

THOMAS JENSEN conducting the DANISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA
NIELSEN Symphony No. 6 MG10137

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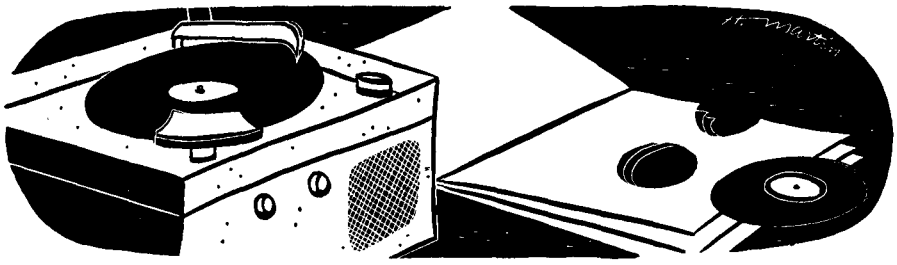

The Season's Best for Children

DURING 1953 more children's records were produced than ever before in the history of the industry. The majority of these were "popular" type songs, many of which, like "Doggie in the Window," sold equally to the "adult" and "kiddie" markets. But there is evidence that the record makers have become aware of the thirst for original creative play materials. They also have investigated tentatively the songs and games indulged in by children of other countries. Several interesting discs have resulted, but it would seem that there is material for many, many more. A child's fascination may be commanded by the lively rhythms, colorful melodies, and delightful sounding words from foreign places. They stimulate him physically and mentally, activate his curiosity and his imagination.

Although several of the following recommended "foreign" titles are directed at the 5-10 age group, I have found that the happy rhythms and bright colors delight the toddlers as well:

SWING YOUR PARTNER, A Square and Folk Dance Record. (Young Peoples Record 9002). Includes a Bavarian Shoe Dance, English Morris Dance, Italian Tarantella, and American Square Dance. Described by a narrator and well-played by a small orchestra.

PEDRO IN BRAZIL. (Children's Record Guild 5034). The third and best in CRG's Little Pedro series of Latin-American adaptations. Rollicking *sambas* and *baiaos* with irresistable English lyrics and dialogue.

SICILIAN TARANTELLA; LA RASPA (RCA 47-5048). Traditional Sicilian and Mexican dance tunes, performed instrumentally with vivid native color. Although this was not issued as a children's record, it's sure-fire with all age groups.

LOOK AT MICHIE BANJO and more Playtime Songs. Sung by Charity Bailey (CRG 729). Catchy Creole songs rendered with considerable charm in delicious Creole *patois* and English.

And for school-agers:

FAVORITE FRENCH CHILDREN'S SONGS. Paulette Rollin and Chorus (Vox LP VL 2490). The best of several such collections available. Mlle. Rollin sings unaffectedly, enunciates with perfect clarity. More than thirty familiar and less familiar folk tunes are included.

AN ELIZABETHAN SONG BAG FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. New York Pro Musica Antiqua, directed by Noah Greenberg (Esoteric LP ESJ 6). Rounds, ayres, virginal, and recorder selections for children with a keen musical curiosity, and also for their parents. Excellent program and performances of this unusual music.

Other songs recommended for singing, dancing, and playing:

SINGING TIME WITH BURL IVES (Columbia J-1777, 45 rpm, EP). Includes his very popular "Little White Duck"; also "The Little Engine That Could," "The Lollipop Tree," and "Two White Owls."

SINGING TIME WITH ROSEMARY CLOONEY (Columbia J-1775, 45 rpm, EP). Includes her big hit "Me and My Teddy Bear," "Little Red Monkey," etc.

FOLK SONGS FOR SINGING AND DANCING. Sung by Tom Glazer (YPR 8005-6). Glazer's guitar is ample accompaniment in a bright, often nonsensical collection of Americana, including "Goodbye Liza Jane," "A Capital Ship," and an early version of the old sow's song.

THE FROG SONG. Sung by Sam Hinton (Decca K 95). A very unusual study of frog talk. Imaginative routine, and Hinton's perfect timing should delight all children and their parents.

THE BLUE TAIL FLY. Burl Ives with children's choir (Decca K 107). A new recording of the "Jimmie cracked corn" perennial.

THE FOOT FOOT SONG. Sung by Ray Bolger (Decca K 107). Rhythmic nonsense song. Bolger, a wonderful clown, gets everyone to join in, community style.

GOLDEN TREASURY OF MOTHER GOOSE (Big Golden BR 12). Anne Lloyd and others sing twenty-two of the best-loved nursery songs. The ten-inch record plays extra long, provides excellent value.

TUNES FOR WEE FOLKS (Mercury Childcraft 8) and *TUNES FOR TOTS* (Mercury Childcraft 7). Perhaps the best material produced to date specifically for one-to-two-year olds. Each tune concerns a familiar nursery or household object. For example: "Telephone Song," "Teakettle," etc.

JUMP BACK, LITTLE TOAD and other Be Careful Songs. Sung by Tom Glazer (CRG 1041). Adaptations of Creole songs by Marion Abeson, who was also responsible for "Michie Banjo." Charming animal songs painlessly suggest "Be Careful" and "Be Considerate." For the pre-school group.

Some recommended activity records:

LET'S BE POLICEMEN (YPR 3401). An occupation previously neglected by record makers. Songs outline the functions of the traffic, motorcycle, and mounted police, and the one who watches over you every night.

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ALL ABOARD A COVERED WAGON with Mr. I. Magination (Columbia MJV 163). Paul Tripp, in his well-known TV role, suggests play-acting as '49ers. He provides the proper historic background, useful information about the Indians, and an interesting story.

TRAIN TO THE RANCH. Norman Rose and the Eugene Lowell Singers. (CRG 1038). Follow-up to CRG's highly successful "Train to the Zoo" and "Train to the Farm." Various ranch activities are described in appropriately styled songs. For the 3-6 age group.

TRAIN TO TOYLAND. Sung by Tom Glazer (Columbia J 171). Includes individual songs about "The Toy Train," "Toy Truck," "Hammer and Pegs," and "Playing with Blocks." The songs are simple, and the familiar material is perfectly suited to the very young.

JUMP-A-JINGLES. Sung by Tom Glazer (Col. J 185). Street Jingles used by New York youngsters for skipping rope and bouncing balls, set to new melodies that are good enough to be folk songs. Even before children can perform to them they'll enjoy the accelerating tempi, nonsensical rhymes, and abrupt pauses.

SUPER CIRCUS; MENAGERIE (Mercury Playcraft 7) and *CLOWN ALLEY* (Playcraft 8). Claude Kirchner, Mary Hartline, Super Circus Band, etc. Two excellent productions based on the popular TV circus show. Dynamic and full of humor, especially "Clown Alley." "Menagerie" has some highly amusing songs about the sideshow animals.

Some recommended musical stories for all ages:

THE TRAVELS OF BABAR (CRG 204, 2 records). An original operetta by Leo Paris and Normand Lockwood based on a beloved assortment of fantasy. Extremely funny in spots on both child and adult levels. Truly a children's classic.

MENDELSSOHN'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Directed by Richard Mohaupt (CRG 205). An accomplished cast of singers and actors perform Leo Paris's brilliant amalgam of Shakespeare and Mendelssohn for children. The author has utilized some delightful melodies for his simple, warm-hearted, often humorous lyrics. For the 5-and-up age group, though younger children may enjoy Bottom's generous slapstick.

—BILL SIMON.

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Recordings in Review

All Out for Oistrakh

DVORAK: *Concerto in A minor. David Oistrakh, violin, with Kiril Kondrashin, conducting;* also GLAZOUNOV: *Concerto in A minor.* (Colosseum CRLP 137, $5.95.)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Scheherezade." Oistrakh, with the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, N. Golovangov conducting.* (Colosseum CRLP 135, $5.95.)

UNLESS Oistrakh has given more attention to the Glazounov Concerto than even such a master of it as he is likely to, this is the same superb performance issued some months ago on a Vanguard disc. For those who want two full sides of Oistrakh (the coupled work there was a cello concerto of Kabalevsky), the Colosseum issue will certainly appeal, though there must be a warning that the Dvorak is not nearly so well-recorded as the Glazounov.

It has its full complement of artificial highs and accentuated, wiry string tone, but the crossover remains uncooperative regardless of adjustment, and the roll-off won't. In short, it has been excessively doctored, and not too skilfully. Withal, it remains a singularly fine performance of the Dvorak, with an energy, a fire, a discipline Oistrakh imparts to anything of a virtuoso nature.

As for the Oistrakh version of the "Scheherezade" (which is described on the envelope as indicated above), it fulfils the jacket claim that "when a new recording of 'Scheherezade' makes history, it will be by reason of performance." But only to the extent that it is undoubtedly one of the poorest recordings of "Scheherezade" I have ever heard. And to speak of this vague, muddy, colorless (not to say *scratchy*) *reproduction* as "new" makes one wonder to which "new" Five Year Plan its era belongs. I politely refrain from consideration of whether it is D. Oistrakh, J. Popkin, or V. Molotov who plays the solo violin part—but I have a fine "Don Quixote" (Strauss) by Beecham which might be worth reviving for Alfred Wallenstein's solo cello playing, and I can prove that he did it.

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Falla's Puppet Show

FALLA: *"El Retablo de Maese Pedro." Ernesto Halffter conducting a cast including Chano Gonzalo, Francisco Navarro, and Blanca Maria Seoane.* (Westminster WL 5238, $5.95.) *F. Charles Adler conducting a cast including Waldemar Kmentt, Ilona Steingruber, and Otto Wiener.* (SPA 43, $5.95.) (*The Westminster issue also includes "El Amor Brujo," with Pedro de Freitas Branco conducting and Ines de Rivadeneira, contralto.*)

THE general ignorance of this Falla oddity would doubtless have gone on for years more, save for LP, that great restorer of the obscure, the overlooked, and the neglected. In this instance, the work merits all the descriptive words, for it has much of the composer's true character in it, even an allusion or two to scores better known than this one, which he wrote in 1923.

At that, it takes a bit of attentive listening, for much of the score was created to serve as background for a puppet-show derived from the second part of "Don Quixote" in which the mad cavalier intercedes to "save" Melisandra from the Moors who have captured her. However, both issues include the complete text (the Spa one is so badly printed it is virtually unreadable), and after a few times through the work the listener can provide his own action mentally.

On the whole, it is worth the effort, for the work is very closely written for a small orchestra of odd constitution, including a solo harpsichord, in the composer's highly stylized way. There is no overwhelming margin of favor for one version or the other, though in all respects the slight differences favor Westminster: Spanish singers rather than the German ones who do commendably enough for SPA, a smoother recording than the general good though slightly coarse SPA. Adler conducts with much rhythmic feeling, as does Ernesto Halffter.

In any case, the issue would be resolved by Spa's distribution of the work on two sides of the disc, whereas Westminster is able to offer a new version of "Love the Sorcerer" on side two. This is on the order of pretty good, rather than distinguished, because Freitas Branco favors slow tempi throughout, and though De Rivadeneira makes a magnificent effect in those passages which are suitable for her deep, dusky lower register, she is not possessed of enough vocal cultivation to do as well with the middle range. Moreover, it is "Parisian" Westminster, which means satisfactory but not outstanding recording.

Bartók by Karajan

BARTÓK: *Concerto for Orchestra. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Angel 35003, $5.95.)

RECALLING the effect that Herbert von Karajan made with his version of the "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta" (on a rather poorly recorded Columbia ML 4456), the results here give him rank as something of a Bartók specialist. He has an affinity for the fragmentary bits which make up the pieces from which the piece is built, a keen sense of tonal contrast, and—more than anything else—a driving rhythmic impulse. I would not say that he has fundamentally more of these qualities than Reiner or Van Beinum, but they are demonstrably evident in a recorded sound superior to that enjoyed by either of the others.

Moreover, he benefits from an educational process that has been going on steadily with these late works of Bartók, as it does with every substantial new work worthy of repeated hearings. Opinions on tempi and accentuations crystallize, the relationship of the instruments to each other becomes clarified, the listener gradually learns what to listen for, as well as to how it should sound. What I hear is a more fanciful mood a

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greater variety of color than has previously been offered in this work. The orchestral playing is exceptionally fine, the recording the best Angel has offered to date.

Prokofiev's "Classical"

PROKOFIEV: *"Classical" Symphony. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.* (London LL 864, $5.95.) *Igor Markevitch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Angel 35008, $5.95/4.95.) *(With the former: Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture, Borodin's "Steppes of Central Asia," and Mussorgsky's "Night on the Bare Mountain"; with the latter: Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier," Ravel's "La Valse," and Falla's "Three Cornered Hat" Dances.)*

THE meeting ground of these discs in parallel performances of Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony may not be quite the point of relationship it superficially appears. That is to say, if one cherishes the sequence of music chosen by Ansermet, the merits or limitations of his Prokofiev *vis-à-vis* Markevitch's are not likely to seem inordinately important. On the other hand, the success or failure of Markevitch with this endeavor is rather crucial, for all the other works he offers exist in attractive combinations.

On the whole, Markevitch comes off well in this competition, for Ansermet's instinct for the meticulous and the precision-ground inclines him to stress the "classical" elements in Prokofiev's score (especially in the larghetto) whereas Markevitch gives incisiveness and thrust to the specifically Prokofievian elements in the work. In all the pieces, indeed, Markevitch is a conductor of force and strongly marked lines, albeit a little at the expense of the fantasy content of the Dukas and Ravel works. Excellent recording, too.

However, it will be a staunch music lover who will be able to resist the splendor of sound and the justice of feeling which Ansermet provides for the Glinka, Borodin, and Mussorgsky items which make up the second side of his disc. The London engineers have come up with something new again, as it sounds to my ear, in a more vibrant blend of winds and strings than has been customary, even with them. I would guess the Telefunken mike or its equivalent has a part in this. It is a product of the auditorium of the Maison de la Mutalité, in which London has done other notable work, but none as good as this. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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"Tristan" in Toto

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

IN making the complete "Tristan und Isolde," recorded last year in England, available to the American public in an album equipped with good critical notes and background material (LM 6700, $27.25). RCA Victor has done a valuable service. There can be no doubt that for years to come this will be the authoritative "Tristan" for the gramophone. Enlisting the services of Kirsten Flagstad and Ludwig Suthaus in the title roles, with Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra, the recording presents some of the best Wagnerian performing elements available today. Blanche Thebom is the Brangaene; Josef Greindl (once briefly of the Metropolitan) the King Marke; and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, noted in the album as a rising German baritone, twenty-eight years of age, the Kurvenal. The brief ensembles of the first act are sung by the chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; and the small parts of the invisible sailor and of the shepherd are taken by Rudolf Shock, who has been doing major assignments recently in a good many Central European opera houses.

With such a cast and conductor, abetted by a wide range of tone and dynamics in the reproduction, the recording is prevailingly successful. On the set that I received, the needle jumped once (on a powerful high note) and a slow vibrato on another side set the pitch off-center momentarily; but these are minor mechanical drawbacks in the face of a considerable achievement both in performance and engineering.

"Tristan und Isolde" gains rather than loses when transferred from the stage to the living room. There is little outward action in this work. The drama is interior, better suited to reflection than to visual intake; and, when addressed to the ear alone it takes on added stature. Even that supreme miscalculation in the opera house—the entrance of Marke at the climax of the love duet and his subsequent speech—becomes, in the recorded version, a great musical climax; for, evidently, Wagner was thinking here not in terms of the stage as we know it, but rather of a tonal sphere in which emotional high points are absolute rather than theatrical. Then, too, there is another advantage to a recorded "Tristan": one can concentrate on a single act at a time, laying the others aside until full power of absorption has been regained. For listening to "Tristan" can be an exhausting experience.

From the first notes of the Prelude, one feels in the conducting of Wilhelm Furtwängler a sense of complete dedication, a mastery of nuance, of dynamic ebb and flow. It is a pity, in the light of these positive achievements, that his work should too often lack that quality of pacing so essential to music in any medium, be it operatic or symphonic. More than once, in the course of this otherwise flawless reading, one feels a strong desire to change from the local to the express. The first act takes almost half again as long as performances of the same unit (which has always been presented uncut) at the Metropolitan. While most of the tempi followed by Artur Bodanzky and his New York successors have generally been on the brisk side, the difference in overall timing between their work and that of Furtwängler does seem somewhat excessive. In at least two places on the current recording the music is so slowly paced that the fabric disintegrates. For example, one is grateful to hear that ravishing portion of the love duet, "Doch, unsere Liebe, heisst sie nicht Tristan und Isolde?," usually cut, restored to its rightful place in the score, but not at a spavined gait resembling slow motion; and the feverish episode of the third act, wherein Tristan tears off his bandages, is listless rather than delirious.

Even with this one major defect, Furtwängler handles his dynamic changes notably. Wherever Wagner indicates a gradual intensification or slackening, the conductor meets the requirement so subtly as to make the transition almost imperceptible. One could only wish that Furtwängler's grasp of the pacing as a whole had equaled his mastery of individual effects.

Kirsten Flagstad, as Isolde, duplicates her own best performances in the opera house. The two high C's of the second act are spliced in with the voice of another singer (said on reliable authority to be that of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf), but all other passages are taken with authority and prime vocal condition by the famous soprano. For one listener's taste, this has always been an Isolde lacking in ideal interpretative play and dynamic range, but mine is admittedly a minority report. The splendor of Mme. Flagstad's voice and the vitality of her performances have won her an uncontested place in our time. In this recording her many admirers will find the artist still at her best.

Blanche Thebom, as Brangaene, is adequate and often expressive; but she, like Mme. Flagstad, darkens her vocal color so constantly as to make the score more often monumental than moving. Ludwig Suthaus, when he sings softly or in half voice, is an admirable Tristan, conveying a full measure of the poetry inherent in the score. The passages commanding full tone find him unfortunately overweighted, with the quality of the voice itself changed to a strident timbre.

Josef Greindl is a good, routine Marke singing expressively if with a somewhat dry tone. Rudolf Schock is excellent as the shepherd; but the revelation of this recording is young Fischer-Dieskau as Kurvenal. More than one artist who promised well on discs has disappointed in a personal appearance; but it is to be hoped that while this baritone is still young and in first-class condition he might be brought to this country. Not in many years has one heard such fine Wagnerian singing, in which beauty of tone is coupled with complete mastery of the text. The voice itself is a very notable instrument, with a brilliant ring all too welcome in an era of dark and pompous potato-tones.

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Gieseking and the Two B's

BERNARD SHAW, who was no friend of the longer forms of Brahms, was gracious enough to capitulate in his own jauntily grudging way when it came to the short piano pieces. "In them," he said, "we had Brahms at his best, overflowing with purely musical impulses and letting them run into their own shapes and not into any academic mold. The music gushes and babbles delightfully; there is no attempt to engineer channels for it; and nobody would suppose for a moment that so charming and wittily brief a composer could be, in that domain where acute and original intellectual power must be brought to bear on musical inspiration, the most stupendous bore in all the realms of sound." And GBS opined elsewhere: "the real Brahms is nothing more than a sentimental voluptuary with a wonderful ear."

Surely the puritan spoke there, for what nonconstricted man could possibly beef about voluptuous sentiments from a man with a wonderful ear? As such, Brahms seems to me a very fit subject for Walter Gieseking, who is a large German with a large amount of what we are inclined to think of as Gallic delicacy in his musical sensibilities. Gieseking's affinity for Debussy has long been remarked; the pianist's musical career reminds one of Cyril Connolly's dictum that inside every fat man is a thin man wildly signalling to be let out. Now add in the fact that there is always some danger that Brahms's piano romancing will be too thoroughly Germanized—too relentlessly leaned on and gloated over—and realize that that is not possible with Gieseking at the controls. The result is that admirers of short-term Brahms have a treat in store for themselves with two new twelve-inch LP's, embracing much of the music that conquered the Shavian ear. These are the "Klavierstücke," Opus 76, and "Fantasien," Opus 116 (Angel 35028, $5.95/4.95), the "Klavierstücke," Opus 118 and Opus 119, and the "Rhapsodien," Opus 79 (Angel 35027, $5.95/4.95).

This all adds up to fifteen intermezzi, seven capriccios, three rhapsodies, a ballade, and a romance. They include some of the most contentedly sensuous music ever written for the piano, invitations galore to the kind of reverie that the modern world normally makes difficult. Much of the music is perhaps even more intrinsically pianistic than Chopin. He, after all, has lent his tunes easily to a good deal of popular dance music doled out by violins and saxophones, while Brahms not only belongs to but can scarcely escape the piano. A single such magical tidbit as the Intermezzo in C major will suffice to show the quality. As intimated above, it is possible to play this music so as to remind the listener of the better grades of beer, which may be heartening enough in themselves. Gieseking keeps it wine, superbly Rhenish, bordering on the French. Bernard Shaw's voluptuary has come off very well, and that may be said of the recording as well as the performance.

I WISH I could feel as satisfied with Gieseking's newest Beethoven. He has done four of the most famous sonatas: C minor, Opus 13 ("Pathetique") and C Sharp minor, Opus 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight") (Angel 35025, $5.95/4.95); C major, Opus 53 ("Waldstein") and F minor, Opus 57 ("Appassionata") (Angel 35024, $5.95/4.95). The execution here, as one expects with this artist, ranges from the finished to the dazzling. But with Beethoven the final achievement must be inwardness; the great sonatas have a way of going singularly sour if something like their full emotionality is not realized. Nothing is artistically quite so disappointing as a slightly washed-out or, on the other hand, garish reproduction of a major painting. And from Gieseking, in these performances, I have all too often the sense of a kind of super-blandness, the blandness, to be sure, of a keyboard master who is engaged in technical marvels, but blandness just the same. In his notes to the Gieseking records, Lionel Salter refers to the finale of the "Appassionata" as "a kind of *perpetuum mobile* of unrelievedly tragic cast" and speaks of "the headlong impetus never slackening save for a moment before the recapitulation, where Beethoven seems to be summoning up his strength in order to plunge forward with an ever greater fury, which finally carries all before it in a masterful coda of overpowering force." Such energies are not sugggested by the record.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Zarzuelas—Past and Present

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

"ZARZUELA" is a Spanish word that has several meanings in Spain and for which English offers no exact equivalent. In general, a zarzuela mingles a plot of sorts with instrumental music, singing, dancing, and local color in the form of actual or imitated folk music. As a big three-act work it may approach the condition of operetta, comic opera, Singspiel, opéra-comique, or American musical comedy. But a popular modern form of zarzuela is the "género chico," a sort of one-act vaudeville with music. From about 1839 to the present zarzuelas of many varieties have filled the stages of Spain.

Soria Records now presents excerpts from zarzuelas as recorded in Spain by the Compañía del Gramófono-Odeon and pressed in the United States. The records are at present handled through EMI here and will eventually be transferred to the new Angel label. Before me are single twelve-inch LP's of highlights from four separate zarzuelas and one twelve-inch LP containing orchestral excerpts from five zarzuelas, as well as four orchestral pieces or orchestrations. All are realistically recorded, transferred to excellent surface, and handsomely packaged. Where necessary, Spanish texts are supplied, but there are no English translations, and the Spanish has been poorly proofread.

Oldest and most honored of the four theatrical works is "La Verbena de la Paloma" (1894) by Tomás Bretón (1850-1923), the very type of modern zarzuela in one act. It is sung here (Soria 70.005, $5.95) by a knowing and adequate cast under the direction of Rafael Ferrer. Lightly pleasant, it is striped with humor; it occasionally rises to a charming prettiness. Although it is not notably "Spanish" most of the way, it has become as familiar to Spaniards as, say, Victor Herbert is to us.

Musically much more vital is the one-act "La Revoltosa" (1897) by Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909), given here (Soria 70.003, $5.95) in a different arrangement of excerpts from that on the Montilla record I reviewed in these pages [*SR* Jan. 31]. Chapí had real musical ardor and great

adroitness, audible especially in the notable love duet and in the patter finale. The conducting of Rafael Ferrer is sure-handed, and the voices are appropriate, but I cannot help missing the Montilla record's superb conducting by Ataúlfo Argenta and its remarkable singing, particularly by Ana María Iriarte as the heroine. On either record, "La Revoltosa" is the most attractive sampling of a zarzuela I have heard on records.

The three-act, full-dress zarzuela is represented (Soria 70.006, $5.95) in excerpts from "Doña Francisquita" (1923) by Amadeo Vives (1871-1932). Like "La Revoltosa," this is warm with Spanish folk color. It is musically compelling in the instrumental "Fandango" and in a "Gypsy bolero" duet for contralto and tenor on nonsense verse. The conductor is again Rafael Ferrer, and again the singers range from adequate to good.

The only one of the four works reviewed here which is actually labeled zarzuela (the others are, respectively, a "sainete lírico," another "sainete lírico," and a "comedia lírica") is "La Rosa del Azafrán" (1930) by Jacinto Guerrero (1895-1931). As conducted by F. Delta, and with singers of even goodness, it turns out to be pale, sentimental stuff. Like some potpourri recordings from American musical comedies, it may supply nostalgic pleasure to those who have seen the show, but it suggests (on insufficient evidence) that the zarzuela has suffered a loss of energy in recent decades.

The single LP entitled "Música Española" Soria 70.008, $5.95) contains nine pieces and excerpts: the intermezzo from Jerónimo Giménez's "La Boda de Luis Alonso" and Federico Moreno Torroba's prelude "Antequera," both conducted by Moreno Torroba, himself a successful composer of zarzuelas; and—under the baton of Rafael Ferrer—Isaac Albéniz's "Rumores de la Caleta" (familiar as the "Malagueña for piano) and "Torre Bermeja" (also a transcription); the "Fandango" from Vives's "Doña Francisquita"; the notable prelude to Ruperto Chapí's "La Revoltosa"; the intermezzo from "La Leyenda del Beso" by Soutullo y Vert (apparently Soutullo *and* Vert, two collaborating composers, though the jacket note is unclear); a "Serenata" by the Catalan composer Joaquín Malats; and the prelude to Bretón's "La Verbena de la Paloma." All this music is stylishly played; several of the pieces appear to be taken from the recordings discussed above.

Distantly related to all of this Spanish music, but brash and disturbing with Afro-Cuban clucks, plucks, and strikings, is another Soria twelve-inch LP (70.001, $5.95), excerpts from the enduringly popular operetta "Cecilia Valdés" (1932), by the Cuban composer Gonzalo Roig (1890-). This turns out to be a singular mixture of Franz Lehar and Ernesto Lecuona, of Viennese sentiment and the noise of *maracas*, *claves*, and Afro-Cuban drumming. The music is without individual character when it is pseudo-European, but bulges with exotic vitality when it is unashamedly folk-derived Cuban dance music. I am tempted to think of it as a Cuban "Porgy and Bess," though the comparison cannot be documented in detail. As recorded in Cuba by Montilla, it is played with harsh vividness under the composer's direction and sung extremely well, notably by Martha Pérez (soprano), Ruth Fernández (contralto), and Francisco Naya (tenor). This record was actually issued here several years ago, when it was aimed principally at Spanish-speaking listeners. It is now being given general distribution for the first time, and as it shows absolutely no sign of age I am sure that its popularity will grow.

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Old Folk Songs at Home

By OSCAR BRAND

AT ONE of our public parks last week I witnessed a striking example of folk-song indoctrination, perpetrated upon an infant by its own parent. A mother was forcing the child's tiny hands together and singing "Patacake, patacake, baker's man." Before long the infant will have been exposed to "Eensie Weensie Spider" and "Rockabye, Baby." One day, when the child has become sufficiently malleable, the adult will indoctrinate it with "All Around the Mulberry Bush," "London Bridge," and "The Farmer in the Dell."

From childhood to the grave the ordinary American is subject to the influence of folk music and its derivatives. Some may deny this—"I am not now and have never been part of the plot to propagate traditional music"—but new records appear daily which put the lie to such disavowals. There is no possible flight from folk music.

Elektra has recently issued "There Was a Little Tree" (EKL-7, $4.45), featuring such classics as "Billy Boy," "The Monkey's Wedding," and "Frog Went A-Courting." Cleverly sung by Shep Ginandes, the selections have a sprightly ring, an adult approximation of childlike fervor. Many will claim that these songs are easily forgotten, but this is not so. They remain on the periphery of the adult consciousness and often work their way to the fore during moments of stress or secret relaxation in the sanctuary of the shower.

Even the schools have joined the conspiracy. The new grade-school curriculum emphasizes folk music and singing games. Many courses are being illustrated with historical material issued by Young People's Records, Children's Record Guild, Little Golden Records, and the specialized study aids recorded by The Encyclopedia Britannica. It is also a well-known fact that children's camps and clubs are hotbeds of group singing and folk music.

The adult, dimly aware that something is being put upon him, turns to classical music or popular songs. Recently the announcements of a party arranged for intellectual spirits proclaimed that "there will be absolutely no folk music." But this is self-delusion. The classics are shot full of folk melodies and traditional themes. In America, the Coplands, the Thomsons, the Barbers, and Goulds all look to the melodies of the people for inspiration. And we are assured by European authorities that the same was true of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Stravinsky, Dvorak, and their fellow conspirators.

Often the composer brazenly proclaims that folk music is his inspiration. Bartók is a notable example, and a more recent malefactor is Tadeusz Sygietynski, of Poland. In Vanguard's "Music of Poland" (VRS 6013, $5.95) Sygietynski conducts the Mazowsze Choral Ensemble in "Seven Folk Songs." The songs may have been rewritten and refurbished, but they are admittedly folk songs, presented with the rehearsed abandon characteristic of eastern European choral singing. There is an emphasis on the strident female voice, but there is a firm underscoring of strong baritones and sonorous basses. "Music of Poland" also features Witold Lutoslawski's "Little Suite for Chamber Orchestra" and "Six Children's Songs with Orchestra." Again, the jacket reveals that these represent an attempt to integrate folklore with the symphonic form.

TODAY, even the mighty popular song has fallen. Everyone knew that such old favorites as "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," "The Dolly with the Hole in Her Stocking," and "Home on the Range" were inspired by folk songs. But now the conversion of folk songs into popular songs is a major industry. It all began when "Tzena" became America's number one favorite. Folksinger Huddie Ledbetter died a public charge, but a year later royalties poured into his estate from the popular sale of his theme song, "Irene." Remember "On Top of Old Smoky"? Well, our Pilgrim ancestors remembered it, too. That's why they brought it to America.

Woodrow Wilson Guthrie rewrote the old song "Billy the Kid" into a dust-bowl ballad, "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You." When the folk song fad struck the Brill Building, the publishers persuaded him to rewrite the dust out of "So Long"—and another folk song hit the Hit Parade. One publisher issued a standing order to his songwriters. "I don't want any songs that have to be composed."

Next, the song writers began cleaning up old risqué folk songs. "The Thing" was made out of the Anglo-American "Chandler's Wife," which had left no question as to the meaning of the three raps in the chorus. "Never Been Kissed" derived from a fine bawdy song. the title of which is censorable. Almost every child knows "Sweet Violets," though his parents would probably spank him for the knowing.

In 1709 a collector named D'Urfey published "Pills to Purge Melancholy." Included among the pills was the rollicking "A Knave Is a Knave." In 1952 America was singing the same as "A Guy Is a Guy," but the high-minded songwriter who appropriated the old song had the protagonists married in the last eight bars. "The Little Ball of Yarn," a colorfully off-color folk song is now a hit, with Toni Arden singing it "Anymore" instead of the old, bold refrain. On the other hand, a tidy little children's game, "Ha Ha Thisaway," has been transmuted into a suggestive dialogue between Doris Day and Johnny Ray with the new title, "Let's Walk Thisaway."

Songs in foreign languages are not immune. "Auprès de ma blonde" was heard as "I Want to Be Near You," the Creole play song "M'sieu Banjo" was sung as "Mr. Taptoe," and Josef Marais' South African veldt songs were heard as "Sugarbush," "Around the Corner," and "Ma Says, Pa Says." A pop release of a few months ago, "Love," is a complete flamenco, with flaring Spanish chord patterns and wild glissando solo singing in the classic gypsy fashion.

With few exceptions, there is nowhere in music for the anti-folk folk to go. The traditional song has infiltrated into every pore of the body of American music. As the old spiritual (more folk music) succinctly reminds us, "There's no hiding place down here."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Reiner in Chicago, Toscanini on the Air

CHICAGO'S blue-domed Orchestra Hall, facing the lake across Michigan Boulevard, is much too elegant a place to be described as a workshop, but the simple fact is that it has to be called one these days as Fritz Reiner strives to hone a fine edge on the rather blunt orchestral instrument handed to him by Rafael Kubelik. Through its history the Chicago Symphony has been known as a sound orchestra rather than a brilliant one, but there is no God-given, Armour-plated reason why the Thomas-Stock-Defauw-Rodzinski-Kubelik graph can't be given a turn toward higher ground by Reiner.

Looking in on the Chicago activity after a month of sparring between conductor and orchestra, it seemed obvious to me that Reiner took a clear decision on points in their mutual effort with Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" Overture. At his best Reiner is not addicted to the knockout technique, even where the competition is the ring-hardened Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky. The conductor brought out all that was best in it, with no low blows and a modicum of miscalculated right hand-left hand maneuvers. As for the concerto Gaspar Cassadó has made of Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata, it had a thoroughly qualified interpreter in Janos Starker, new first cellist of the orchestra.

All the evidence seems to be that the years Reiner spent at the Metropolitan have renewed his zest for the orchestral literature, no matter how standard, which is a fortunate thing for Chicagoans. There is no question of his ability to sustain an old orchestra, as he did in Cincinnati, or create a new one, as he did with the student talent at the Curtis Institute or later in Pittsburgh. Rather it would be the present challenge for him to make over a fine old orchestra in his own likeness. He has, certainly, all the tools at his disposal; the requirement is for him to apply them steadily, persistently, to the materials at his disposal.

In Chicago, as elsewhere, comparison with the best, challenge from the greatest, comes as regularly as a radio is turned on when Arturo Toscanini is conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Of his first two programs this was particularly true of the opening hour in which Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote" was put through a course of clarification and animation such as I have rarely heard. There was Toscanini's pent-up energy of eight non-conducting months to be reckoned with, and the mighty mass of the great Strauss score, possibly his greatest, was just about enough to absorb it.

Of the second program, with its extended emphasis on Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," there was not quite so much to be said. This is a work of a certain problematical fascination, for it is far from easy to play well and does not yield its secrets easily. But when it is all through the best performance of "Harold in Italy" remains—"Harold in Italy." Also the "Tragic" Overture of Brahms, which opened the first program, and the "Pilgrimage to Rome" (from "Tannhäuser") are, at best, drab specimens of their creators' art. Frank Miller played the cello role of Don Quixote masterfully and, both as Sancho Panza and Harold, Carlton Cooley was a violist of distinction.

SOME things about the Metropolitan Opera House are immutable, come rain, come shine, come Johnson, come Bing. One is the premise that the theatre is simply too large for such a work as Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." I have been hearing various kinds and conditions of performances there since the mid-Twenties, some well sung, some not, few well conducted. The most recent, under the direction of Pierre Monteux, was all that a master interpreter could make it, which was not very much by this valuation, given a cast no better than uneven and a scenic production that left Debussy almost wholly on his own.

In a house of reasonable proportions Theodor Uppman's Pelléas—uncommonly well sung for a Metropolitan debut—might have made a more positive impression, but it is hard to imagine Nadine Conner's Mélisande registering as other than pale, no matter where. Martial Singher's Golaud and Martha Lipton's Nurse were well on the way to what they should be, leaving Jerome Hines (Arkel), Lubomir Vichegenov (a doctor), and Vilma Georgiou (Yniold, as her debut) on the order of competent.

To be sure, "Pelléas" is a score in which the values come and go by the wispiest of margins, and I cannot claim to more than a dispassionate interest in it. But I could not find nearly as much to listen to in this venture as in the not-to-be-forgotten Maggie Teyte-Jean Morel evocation at the City Center in 1948. Certainly the dark stage and unit set of that venture were far more illusive than the overbright, un-unified setting made for the Metropolitan by Horace Armistead out of fragments of the old Urban production and additions of his own.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Lighted Window

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

WHO lies awake under Orion
who lies awake in the dead of night?
Is it man or woman? in joy or sorrow
whose waking is marked by a square of light?

Who lies bewildered, wondering and planning,
while slowly with imperceptible stride
across the heavens the great Orion
moves with his short, bright sword at his side?

Or is it in joy that the lamp is lighted?
do lovers talk late? does a young mother wake
to nurse her first child? is the light a beacon
some hand has lighted for true love's sake?

Unseen, unknown, in joy or in sorrow
some spirit is still awake in the night,
Orion above circles the heavens
and on earth still shines this ambiguous light.

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Seeing Things

ACTOR'S SEASON

THERE was a song which used to insist rather incontrovertibly that, though you can get honey where there ain't any bees, and you can get sugar where there ain't any trees, you can't get lovin' where there ain't any love. In the theatre, you can, you do, get acting (and excellent acting, at that) where there aren't any plays. At least, *really* good plays. The present season only proves this once again.

This is not to say that there have been no interesting or amusing new plays; plays fortified by original ideas; plays that provide good evenings, that show promise, or have their excellent scenes. Fortunately, there have been several. But, with the exception of John Patrick's utterly delectable "The Teahouse of the August Moon," all of them that I have seen have been better acted than written.

That good actors are more plentiful by far than good plays is a white-bearded truism. Doubtless it is one of the reasons why over the long centuries actors, no matter how fine or how much admired, have held a lower rank than dramatists in the echelon of creators. There are other reasons, too. Players are the interpreters of interpreters. They would be wordless unless someone gave them words to speak. They do not have to be wise to seem wise, be blessed with witty tongues to make others laugh, or have the poet's God-given gift to communicate the beauty and glory of poetry's song.

But let me come back to mere numbers. In the theatre, as outside it, scarcity creates value. Fine dramatists have always been scarce because no medium an artist must master is harder in its disciplines than playwriting. For some time it has been clear that capable dramatists belong to a shrinking race. Today here and abroad their ranks have thinned to an alarming extent. Although the older dramatists continue to function, never has the theatre stood in more desperate need of new playwrights. Luckily, some have been heard from this year. They have shown promise and deserve encouragement. But even the most interesting of them have depended to a disquieting degree upon their actors not only to give body and substance to what they have written but to develop in their performances scenes or characters left undeveloped in the writing. Except for Mr. Patrick, the veterans among our dramatists have done the same thing. The result is a season to the interests and pleasures of which, up until now, actors have been primary rather than secondary contributors.

"The Teahouse of the August Moon," as I have hinted, is a radiant exception. Its writing is the equal of its acting. The qualities of the script Mr. Patrick has based on Vern Sneider's novel are hard to describe and harder to resist. Mix the exuberant earthiness of "Mister Roberts" with the goodness of "A Bell for Adano," then add the unashamed make-believe of the Chinese theatre that Benrimo employed years ago in "The Yellow Jacket," and you may have some notion of this comedy dealing with the problems faced by our occupying forces in Okinawa. No plea for tolerance between peoples, no editorial against superimposing American customs on native traditions has ever been less didactic or more persuasive.

The charm of the writing is matched by the sheer enchantment of David Wayne's performance of the Okinawan narrator, the hilarity of Paul Ford's playing of the colonel whose thinking stops with what the Pentagon has told him to think, the Henry Fonda-like appeal of John Forsythe's nonconformist captain, and the stylized beauty of Mariko Niki's geisha girl. The settings by Peter Larkin are equally captivating, and so is the direction of Robert Lewis, who has a genius for fantasy. The production as a whole, so touching, uproarious, and original, leaves a glow after the final curtain has fallen.

Among the season's most interesting offerings is Robert Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy." Though Mr. Anderson (no relation of Maxwell Anderson) has had three plays produced, this study of a boy unjustly accused of homosexuality is his first hit. I can't pretend to believe completely in Mr. Anderson's play. I doubt if any boy of eighteen in these post-Kinsey days would reach his final year at boarding school without knowing the facts of life. I am confident that masters, worthy of being employed by such a school, would not accept the flimsy charge brought by a filthy-minded student or behave as these masters do after the charge is brought. And I am well aware that, if it were not a matter of saving a change of scenery, the final episode in all likelihood would not take place in the boy's dormitory room. I do know, however, that Mr. Anderson has a genuine flair for the theatre, that he can write fine individual scenes, and that he can hold an audience as I have seldom seen an audience held. I also know that I have only admiration for the playing of John Kerr, Dick York, and Leif Erickson as the accused boy, his roommate, and the housemaster. Moreover, I applaud the sensitivity of Elia Kazan's direction and the ingenuity of Jo Mielziner's setting, and marvel at the definite and convincing character Deborah Kerr makes of the vaguely drawn housemaster's wife.

Another success, and a deserved

—Eileen Darby—Graphic House.

David Wayne—"sheer enchantment of performance."

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one, is "The Solid Gold Cadillac." That this farce-comedy by Howard Teichmann and George S. Kaufman has moments when it seems more improvised than planned, I do not deny. Nonetheless, I gratefully admit that I am among the thousands who stand in its debt for a very happy evening. It is really a musical comedy without music. But, since it not only includes Josephine Hull but gives her the funniest part she has had in years, the music is not missed. Miss Hull is one of the best upholstered, best loved, and most convulsing of present-day actresses. She has never been more winning than as a small stockholder who proves a one-woman threat to big business by asking embarrassing questions at a shareholders' meeting of a giant corporation named General Products. Secretary of Defense Wilson is not listed among the "credits" but perhaps he should be. Certainly he (with Loring Smith as his stand-in) makes his contribution to the hilarity of this ingratiatingly topical and topsy-turvy comedy.

As no playgoer can fail to recognize, though "Sabrina Fair" owes a great deal to Philip Barry and something to Shaw, it is not the comedy either one of them would have written. It is, however, an amusing retelling of the Cinderella story, this time in terms of what happens when the daughter of the chauffeur of a Long Island millionaire returns from Paris and conquers the hearts of the millionaire's two sons. Samuel Taylor has written his fable as a comedy of manners and managed to achieve the very style which Norman Krasna aimed for and missed in "Kind Sir." Such comedies about worldlings require a special vocabulary, and the best of actors (as Mary Martin and Charles Boyer prove) cannot offer any substitutes for it if it is lacking in the script. Mr. Taylor's pleasant play about the rich does not possess the ultimate polish Philip Barry would have given it, yet it has enough to meet its needs. Richly set by Donald Oenslager, smoothly directed by H. C. Potter, and given the advantage of glittering performances by Margaret Sullavan, Joseph Cotten, Cathleen Nesbitt, John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Russell Collins, and Scott McKay, "Sabrina Fair" may in the last analysis represent another triumph for actors in a season lean in its playwriting, but it comes as a welcome relief.

"The Trip to Bountiful" is in quite a different mood. This play by Horton Foote includes a performance by Lillian Gish which is so memorable that it should be on the "must" list of

—Fred Fehl.
Josephine Hull—"winning."

Cathleen Nesbitt—"glittering."

—Eileen Darby—Graphic House.
Lillian Gish—"memorable."

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everyone truly interested in the theatre. Never in her distinguished career has she been finer than as the ill-treated, nervous, and broken old woman whose dream is to escape from her badgering daughter-in-law in Houston and return to her home in the country. The anguish of age, the sense of being trapped, the spirit that is almost but not quite extinguished, the tug of the past—all of these are magically communicated by Miss Gish. Among the other actors to whom Mr. Foote is indebted are Jo Van Fleet, who is unforgettable as the appalling daughter-in-law, and Gene Lyons and Eva Marie Saint, who are excellent as the old woman's weakling son and a young friend she picks up on a bus. But Mr. Foote's play, overpadded as it now is since being converted from TV to the stage and in spite of its wavering interludes, has its own virtues. It is plainly the work of a man of exceptional insight and compassion who, when he is at his best, writes with power and imagination.

Calder Willingham's "End as a Man" and Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step" are dramas that have their good scenes and their points to make, the one about brutality in a Southern military school, the other about a young Negro's maturing. Both, however, fail to do justice to their themes, suffering as they do from unmistakable amateurishness, and both owe less to their dramatists than to their leading actors, Ben Gazzara and William Smithers in "End as a Man," and Louis Gossett and Estelle Hemsley in "Take a Giant Step."

Naturally, a great deal was expected of "The Ladies of the Corridor," since Dorothy Parker was its co-author. The Parker touch, however, was hardly ever felt in this study of the unhappiness of women living alone in hotels. For the most part the play did little or nothing with an engrossing theme except to deal with it in obvious stereotypes. Although Frances Starr, June Walker, Betty Field, Walter Matthau, and especially Edna Best struggled valiantly and well, theirs was an assignment as hopeless as that of "all the king's men."

Perhaps the performer who has found the most original solution to the problem of what to do when good playwrights are scarce is Victor Borge. He does without and gets along famously. His "Comedy in Music" is a wonderfully funny evening. But Mr. Borge's solution, so triumphant in his case, is hardly ideal for the theatre as a whole. Count first among its needs a few more playwrights—real playwrights.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

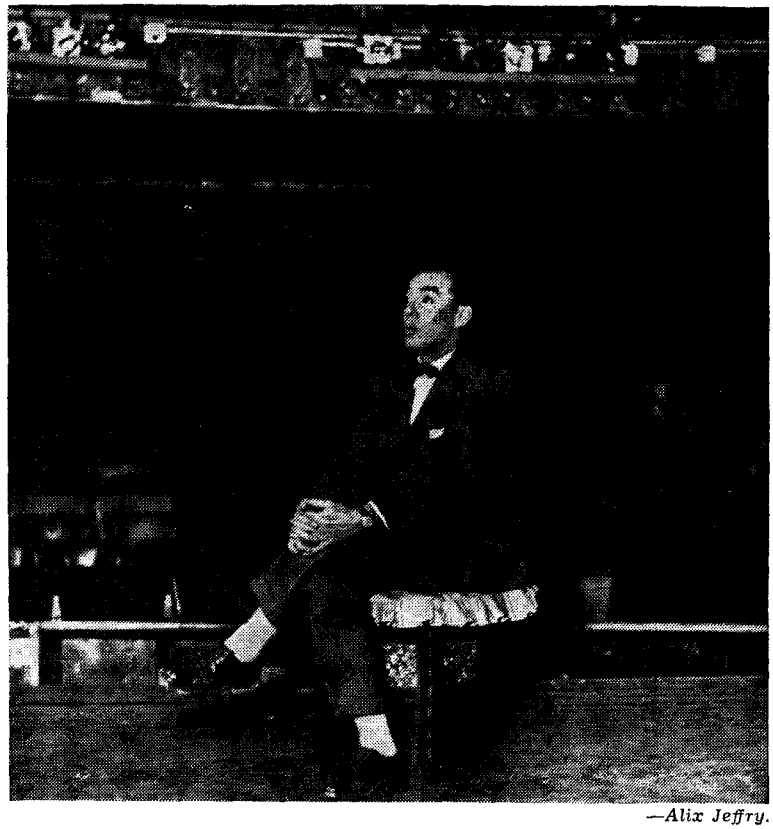
A "Phoenix" to Frequent

SINCE the phoenix is a mysterious bird, it seems entirely appropriate that a general confusion should exist as to the nature of a newly-founded venture which calls itself the Phoenix Theatre. After a visit to the project shortly before its December 1 opening a few facts immediately glowed through the surrounding smaze.

Contrary to what I am told is a widely held belief, this Phoenix theatre is *not* located in Arizona, but in downtown, eastside Manhattan. From Times Square it can be reached by a four-minute subway ride to Union Square, and a nine-minute walk from there to the corner of Second Avenue and Twelfth Street. Built in 1927 as the New Jewish Folksteater, the playhouse is newer than almost any Broadway theatre and has a capacity of about 1,200 seats, which makes it larger than a great many midtown auditoriums. While it began as a live playhouse for Maurice Schwartz, the Phoenix's penultimate existence was as the Stuyvesant Movie Theatre. The theme of its interior decoration is roughly Zionist, or, as drama critic William Hawkins put it, "Loew's Middle East."

With the property now enhanced by the removal of the El and the postwar construction of nearby Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village, T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton, a pair of Broadway producers with a bit more idealism left in their systems than most, have taken a two year lease, renovated the theatre with paint and slipcovers, and raised enough money to operate a winter stock season of five plays to run a maximum of six weeks each.

However, there are two vital differences between the winter stock set-up, which is what now prevails at the City Center, and the Phoenix method of operation. Phoenix productions will all rehearse the full Broadway period of four weeks instead of two, and the seats will sell at a $3 top instead of $3.60. Because Messrs. Hambleton and Houghton are not blessed with the low 1½ per cent of the gross rental that the city charges



—*Alix Jeffry.*

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City Center, various economies will have to be practised.

Most important of these economies is the unit set designed for the group by Donald Oenslager. This scenery, which will be re-employed in every production, consists of a group of buff-colored flats that can be rearranged to form different interiors and steps and platforms that will work well in outdoor scenes. These sets will, of course, be enhanced with deftly selected drapes, pictures, and pieces of furniture that will present spectators with just the right elements to feed their imagination. In the opinion of many experts, this kind of a set-up will be more beneficial to the play than a distracting and limiting naturalistic set.

Just as scenery can often obscure the values in a play, so can individual performances. Many a Broadway star is praised to the skies for a great performance without a thought of what that performance has done to the playwright's fundamental story. While there is no guarantee that this will not happen at the Phoenix, the producers feel that with less pressure on the company to be sensational in the hope of insuring a long run, the actors will be more inclined to cooperate in a team effort that will be the best for the play.

The Phoenix is not a permanent resident company like the one proposed by the New York Chapter of ANTA. Rather it is, as its founders point out, an attempt to emulate that wonderful little theatre in the London suburbs, the Lyric Hammersmith. The latter is located a half-hour from Piccadilly and brings such stars as Sir John Gielgud and Dame Edith Evans to work for short engagements at nominal salaries in revivals and other plays that West End managers feel have too limited an appeal to sustain a long run on Shaftesbury Avenue.

In the same manner, the Phoenix is bringing Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy to open the theatre in "Madam Will You Walk?," a play by the late Sidney Howard hitherto unproduced in New York. This will be followed by Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" as directed by John Houseman, who supervised the filming of "Julius Caesar" last year. After that plans are indefinite for the season's remaining productions. Being considered are: Emlyn William's adaptation of Turgenev's "A Month in the Country," Sean O'Casey's "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy," Middleton and Rowley's "The Changeling," and a musical fantasy entitled "The Golden Apple" by Jerome Moross and John La Touche, who previously collaborated on "Ballet Ballads." In addition, the Phoenix wants to do a bill of one-act plays, possibly three from the published works of Tennessee Williams.

Financially, the budget is set so that the project will break even at 60 per cent of capacity or an average of 34,000 people over each six-week period. Fortunately, there is strong neighborhood interest, and some 30,000 people in the nearby housing projects plus thousands more at New York University may adopt the Phoenix as their own. However, they'll have to fight for that privilege with the thousands of Broadway theatregoers who are hungry to see Broadway form without the Broadway formula.

JOSE FERRER has brought his energy, his good will, and his ego back to City Center. As his first in a gallery of Ferrer performances the dextrous actor presented a gay and humorous "Cyrano de Bergerac." However, he was content to float along the surface of Rostand's verse and seldom realized the intense agony of a man whose romantic spirit was housed in a grotesque shell.

In turning to a very different role, that of the crushed Jim Downs in Joseph Kramm's Pulitzer Prize-winning "The Shrike," Mr. Ferrer seems to prove that he is at his best when subduing his native ebullience in a realistic subconscious-probing study. While he does overflow at moments, his resistance of temptation at other times gives promise of genuine greatness. This revival also proves that Mr. Kramm's play dramatizing the inevitable capitulation of the individual to the forces of society is more substantial than some first thought it.

The City Center production used many players from the original cast. Judith Evelyn's somnambulistic portrait of the wife who prefers destroying her husband's spirit to losing him is beautifully controlled.

AWAY from Broadway, in the peaceful community of Spring Valley, N. Y., Frank Baker's Rockland County Choral group has presented the world premiere of a new one-act musical comedy. Written by William Engvick and Alec Wilder, it is based on the nursery fable, "Chicken Little." As directed by dancer Sono Osato, whose wonderfully impulsive personality shone through all the performances, the musical fable sparkled with humor and glowed with spirit the way only good musical comedy can. Mr. Wilder's song "It's a fine day for walking country style" is a catchier show tune than most of the ones on Broadway, and Mr. Engvick's surprise ending is masterful.

—HENRY HEWES.

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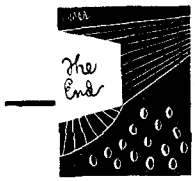
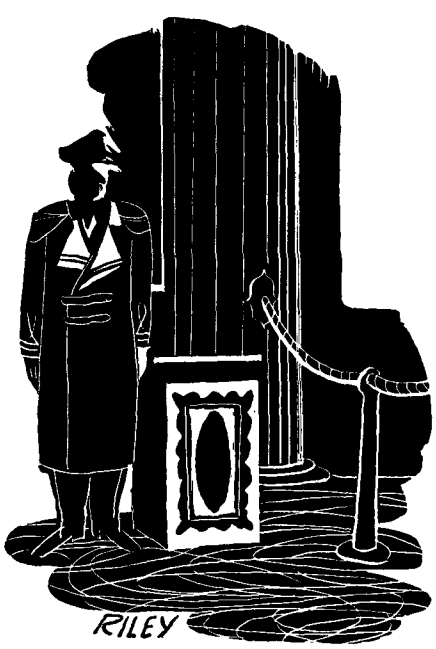


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Italian Stories: Confession Mag Style

THREE Forbidden Stories" is an Italian movie that sets out to show us what lies behind the veryday facade of Rome, and in line vith the purpose we are immediately ntroduced to three beautiful girls ying side by side on hospital beds. Iow the girls got into the hospital in he first place has already been told n a movie called "Rome, Eleven)'Clock." That staircase accident, in- olving a couple of hundred girls all pplying for the same secretarial job, nade an indelible impression on talian directors. Anyway, here we ıave the same accident, but done with different directorial flair and with lifferent girls. Now for their stories. Gianna was raped at the age of eleven ›y a "kindly" friend of the family and ;rew up to be a handsome girl, but nistrustful of the advances of men. Anna-Maria grew up imbued with the ıotion that millionaires make the best ıusbands, and when she got her hance to grab off the wealthy young cion of a Roman family she dis- :overed she had married a creep of he first water. Renata's story turns ›ut to be the most forbidding of all— he daughter of a brilliant professor, :he somehow manages to contract the lrug habit, aided by an evil-looking ›oung man who exerts a powerful ›hysical attraction upon her. Even- ıually all three run off to look for obs and land on that fated staircase.



In the past I've yielded to no man in my admiration for some of the postwar Italian movies, but lately I've been getting the feeling that I'm being "had." The realism of "Three Forbidden Stories" gave me a queasy sort of feeling. Each one of the stories managed to include a scene or two reminiscent of the kind of illustration favored by our confession magazines. That lonely scene in the woods when Gianna is raped, Anna-Maria disrobing during a bedroom quarrel with her husband until finally she's wearing only the filmiest of scanties, Renata lolling in a dim, smoky room filled with boys and girls in various stages of stupefaction—all these seemed to me to belong to another genre than that of the neo-realism of the Italian cinema.

It would seem rather obvious that while Augusto Genina, the director, was gazing behind the facade of Rome in search of the "truth" he was also keeping one eye peeled for what was supposed to be hot potatos in the American market. To be fair to him we must except one section of his movie, that dealing with the rich husband of Anna-Maria. Gabrielle Ferzetti develops this role into the portrayal of a monstrous little man, given to playing sadistic practical jokes on his wife, then giggling until tears roll down his face. Repellent as he is to watch, he somehow makes it believable. Even so, I'd think the story more in the tradition of *Grand Guignol* than neo-realism. As for the rest, you can find the same sort of thing on our newsstands any day of the week.

* * *

A year or so ago a Hollywood producer suggested to the Italian film industry that it become more well-rounded and make some spectacle-type pictures. Perhaps in response to this advice, or perhaps after studying the huge grosses rolled up by our Biblicals, they've gone ahead and tried one. It's called **"The Queen of Sheba,"** and for awhile I thought it might have come out of the archives of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library. In fact, the distributors might do better with it if they change the original date of issue to 1919, mention that a sound track has been added, and suggest that it has been reissued for historical purposes. Unethical, I guess, but I can't figure out how else they're going to sell this awful job.

* * *

"Escape from Fort Bravo" tries hard to be one of those top-drawer Westerns, but it misses and falls into the second-drawer category instead. It has lots of good scenery, some hard riding and shooting, and a magnificent Indian fight, but the story is only intermittently interesting. William Holden makes a fine figure of a Northern cavalry officer who must keep in line some Confederate prisoners who have somehow gotten too far out West and are in a hurry to get back to help out General Lee. Meanwhile the Indians in the area regard a white man as a white man, regardless of which side he's on, and it isn't long before some Confederate escapees must join up with Bill Holden, sent to bring them back to the stockade, in repelling an attack. The architecture and geography of this battle are ingenious. The whites are dug in on the desert and the Indians attack from high rocky cliffs just above them. At one point an old Indian acts much in the manner of an artillery observer and helps his mates zero their rain of arrows on the hapless party below. There was something like it in Olivier's "Henry V," but it's still effective here. I haven't mentioned Eleanor Parker in all this, but she takes part throughout, battles and everything, and perhaps it's her presence and her immaculate grooming while hell is breaking loose that stretch the conviction of the story to the breaking point and finally crack it. John Sturges was the director, and while probabilities don't seem to bother him very much, he does give evidences of talent.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

The Living Desert: There are a few desert courtships, games, and idyls, but mostly slaughter and fear in the first full-length Walt Disney True-Life Adventure. (*SR* Nov. 14.)

Little Fugitive: A very young man gets away from it all on Coney Island; a smalltime film force follows in his marvelous wake. (*SR* Nov. 7.)

Gilbert and Sullivan: Robert Morley and Maurice Evans play this Victorian duet to the dum-te-dums of Sullivan's tunes. (*SR* Oct. 31.)

Decameron Nights: Boccaccio has provided the medieval background for three romps with Louis Jourdan and Joan Fontaine. (*SR* Oct. 17.)

The Actress: Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright join to act out Ruth Gordon's reminiscences of her youth in a New England village. (*SR* Oct. 3.)

Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26.)

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TV AND RADIO

For People Who Read Books

WHEN conversation among the intelligentsia is steered to the subject of television it is becoming more and more the fashion in snobbish frippery for someone to drop what is intended to be a small bomb by casually remarking that he doesn't have a television set. As a defense I have begun casually to inquire if he has a telephone.

This exciting dialogue inevitably leads to the non-television owner's declamation that rather than sit around the house watching television trivia he would rather spend his evenings reading a book.

There is a cryptic inference in the statement that people who watch television never read books any more. When the truth of the matter is that a television owner must be pretty anxious to read a book when he could be watching his set, to say nothing of how much greater courage and will power it takes to open a book with a blank seventeen-inch screen staring at you across the room than it does to read when there's nothing else to do to while away the evening.

As a television owner who also owns a book I would like to point out that there are some worthwhile moments in this new media for which you can put a book down for an hour or two. Everything on television isn't necessarily "My Friend Irma." It's a matter of selectivity.

Of course, there are the usual big-name shows which, considering the almost impossible demands of supplying weekly or even monthly programs, come up with a fairly good average of entertaining contributions. There are such names as Groucho Marx, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen, to start off the list. There are also the hour dramas: the Philco-Goodyear program, for instance, which on Sunday nights this season has presented several plays that have been as good as anything on Broadway and better than almost all the movies. There are also the other hour dramas—the Theatre Guild Tuesday nights, the "Studio One" program and "Robert Montgomery Presents" hour, both on Monday nights. There is "Mr. Peepers" and there is Martha Raye. There are fights and there is basketball. And there have been sketches on the "Show of Shows" which revues on Broadway could have used this or any other season.

These are but a few of the regular big-name attractions which come to mind. But, like finding an excellent little restaurant tucked away on a side street somewhere, you can find hidden away among some of the other listed programs a variety of off-beat entertainment which might appeal even to the stuffiest of the intelligentsia.

"Meet the Press," "Man of the Week," "Youth Wants to Know," and "American Forum of the Air" usually show up in your morning edition of the *Times* with quotes from political figures. There is Steve Allen five nights a week with a surprisingly high average of information and entertainment on NBC from 11:20 till midnight. There's Richard Willis and his "Here's Looking at YOU" on NBC six afternoons a week for the female intelligentsia. There is a program on Friday nights on Dumont called "Melody Street" which employs an interesting way of playing records. "Juvenile Jury" is worth looking at occasionally for some wonderful child dialogue. John Daly's newscasts five evenings a week on Channel 7 are not only informative but also have the almost forgotten courageous editorial comment as an added feature.

"Omnibus" on CBS Sunday evenings often has unusual segments. When it misses with a "Queen of the Raspberries" sketch it more than makes up for it with a dramatized excerpt by the great James Thurber. There are Dinah and Perry and Eddie singing the Broadway hits like the critics who have praised the songs with their original casts have never heard them sung.

There are situation comedies of the Ozzie and Harriet caliber, and Ethel and Albert. There is often ballet and there is sometimes great music. And there is Bishop Fulton J. Sheen in "Life Is Worth Living." And if it isn't there's Milton Berle.

—GOODMAN ACE.

Brown Wings

By Katharine Day Little

DO you remember the cliff at Nantucket
where we sat on the crumbling edge of the world
and in a wide arc around us
swept the pale saffron and rose horizon?
On our way across the moors
warm brown wings of an owl
had fluttered up out of the dust
(close in front of our faces)
and fluttered on to bury themselves
in juniper and gray-fruited bay
that was hung with fading morning-glories.

You had been ill; you walked slowly
so only slowly before us appeared the deserted inn
(Tom Nevers' Head)
at the end of the winding moor-road
(at the end of the world)
fringed fantastically with late wild-roses
and blue-white azalea
sun-shredded into ruin.

A pale horizon curled around us like a shell,
you bent forward, you said
when I am dead my dearest
when I am dead my dearest,
(silk was whispering below the cliff)
and I, eyes in your eyes,—
sing no sad songs for me—
haply I shall remember
how at Tom Nevers' Head, brown wings swung over us
at the crumbling edge of the world.

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Americana

Continued from page 27

killed a short time afterwards by Indians, and Waltz, who was a melancholy, cultured man, apparently tortured by the memory of Weiser's death, for which he had been partially responsible, returned to the mine only once following his partner's death, and that was in 1881. He died with the secret of the mine's exact whereabouts in 1891, in Phoenix, with $1,200 worth of ore hidden in his house. Besides the two "Dutchmen" only three other white men ever saw the mine; none of them lived long enough to put it into operation. Mr. Ely believes that in the winter of 1883, after Waltz's last visit and the death of the three other men, the Apaches, in vengeance against the encroaching white man, completely covered the mine to prevent any further digging.

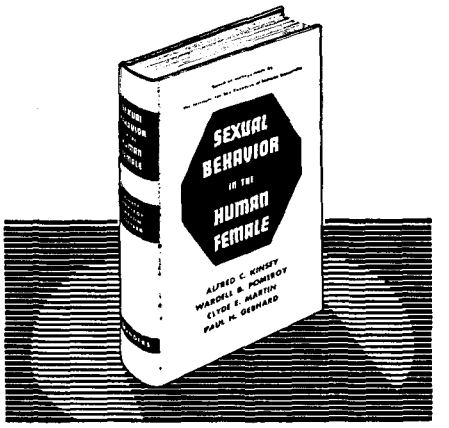
Altogether, twenty men connected with the mine are known to have lost their lives, and so it has become a haunted, bedeviled thing. As recently as 1931 and 1947, for example, two different elderly men went into the Superstitions alone to seek the mine, one by mule, one by helicopter. Incredibly, both were found, soon after, beheaded. Neither murder has been solved.

Mr. Ely has also given us a fine visual picture of the tangled, barren, lava country of the Superstitions, and his sketches—some in considerable detail—of the various people involved with the mine, are meaningful portraits. In this time of obfuscation such an intriguing tale, so well told, of the constant passions of men, is as worthwhile having as, well, gold itself.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

JEFFERSONIAN YEAR: In the world of letters the publication of the Jefferson papers is unquestionably one of the greatest achievements of our time. The grandeur of the plan and the harmonizing of learning and craftsmanship, of editorial scholarship and the printer's art, become more evident as each new volume issues from the press. Of the projected fifty-two volumes edited by Julian P. Boyd and associates seven have now appeared.

Volume 7 of "The Papers of Thomas Jefferson" (Princeton University Press, $10) covers the year from March 2, 1784 to February 25, 1785. At the beginning of this period Jefferson was in Annapolis serving as a Virginia delegate to the Confederation Congress. At the end he was in Paris as an American minister. As legislator and as diplomat he displayed the in-



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dustry and patriotism that made him an invaluable servant of the young republic and the genius and humanity that make him an inspiring symbol of democratic values today.

Here once again are shown the widely ranging interests of this New World Leonardo—from the latest discoveries in "traversing the air in balloons" to the necessity of opening the Mississippi to Kentucky commerce, from the size of the American moose to the mode of quilling a harpsichord. Especially important are the section on Jefferson's Notes on Coinage, letters to and from Washington on the Society of the Cincinnati, correspondence with a young Dutch traveler, G. K. van Hogendorp, and confidential exchanges of political information with Madison. It is an enriching experience to lose oneself in these beautiful pages. —J. MERTON ENGLAND.

THE HISTORIAN AS ARTIST: A historian, Francis Parkman wrote, "must himself be . . . a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes." In his own volumes on the rise and fall of New France, Parkman so shared in the wilderness drama of Jesuits and *voyageurs*, of Montcalm and Wolfe that he could recreate for the reader a sense of immediate experience. The qualities of dramatic structure, literary craftsmanship, and historical imagination that have made his version of truth endure, whereas other historians of his day are now unread, are analyzed in a penetrating, well-written essay, **"Parkman's History"** (Yale University Press, $3), by Otis A. Pease, a Yale graduate student.

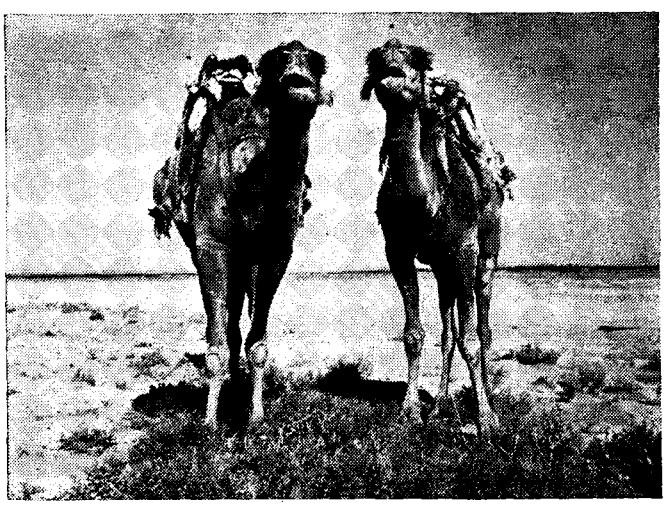
Parkman's enormous research and his respect for accuracy set him apart from the other literary historians of his period and have sometimes caused him to be considered the first of the "scientific" historians. But the latter introduced the dry-as-dust monograph, certainly far from the kind of history Parkman wrote. They failed to rise above the musty documents they unearthed; Parkman was singular in his ability to combine scrupulous authenticity, personal experience, and legitimate creative imagination to unfold panoramas and action that draw the reader into the flow of description or narration. His flair for symbolic imagery enabled him to make concrete and personal a vast movement or a national policy.

Mr. Pease's study in historical criticism is the first volume to be issued of the Wallace Notestein Essays. Despite its brevity (eighty-six pages), it is a work of genuine distinction. —J. M. E.

ANGRY RIVER: In the summer of 1951 the brown waters of the Kaw swirled out of the river's banks and over fields, streets, and highways in a devastating flood. The resulting crisis, the response of Kansas to it, and its significance are vividly related in Kenneth S. Davis's **"River on the Rampage"** (Doubleday, $3). The big flood provides the dramatic opening chapter and points the moral of Mr. Davis's earnest, hard-hitting book. His main concern is: How should we think about a river so that it can be mastered? In offering his suggestions for an answer he ranges far from Kansas in river-basin geography and far back in time from 1951 to discuss sewage disposal, public health, riparian law, the relation of ground water to surface water, and the conservation of natural and human wealth, all the elements which compose the life of a river and the environment of its dependents.

Mr. Davis's experience as an information specialist with the Soil Conservation Service forced him to re-educate himself to think of a watershed as an organism involving soil, water, other natural resources, and people. It convinced him that our system of collegiate instruction, which produces technical expertness in a single specialty, needs a thorough overhauling. Specialists are needed, but integration of their knowledge is equally demanded.

"River on the Rampage" contains some sharp criticism of recent water policy in the Kaw Valley, particularly the "Big Dam Foolishness" of the Army Engineers. The author does not here advocate a Missouri Valley Authority or any specific program, but he does present information and a broad point of view that should contribute to a deeper understanding of the problems of flood control and reclamation. —J. M. E.



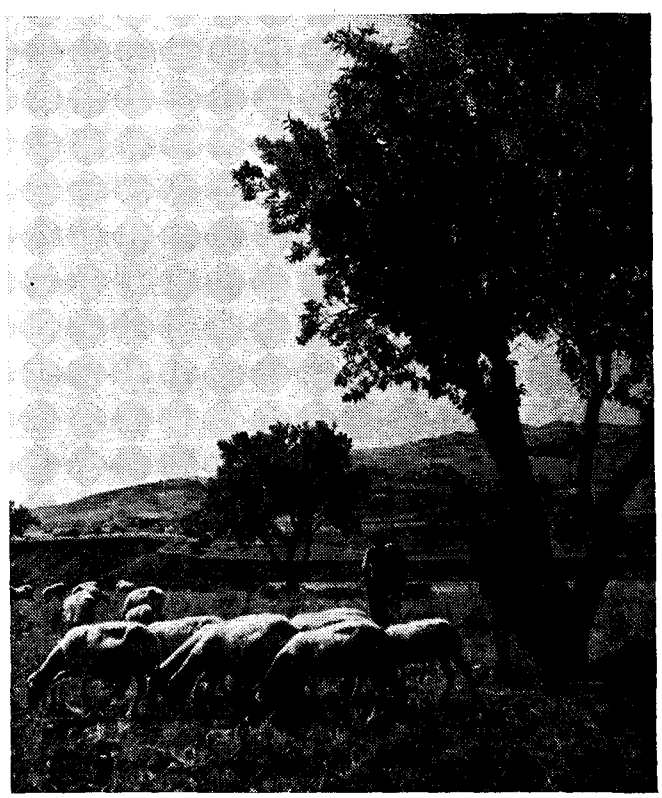


PHOTO CONTEST: That animals are photogenic is hardly a photographic secret. They sneer at gaping tourists, caricature the humans who own them, and in the end go their own way. On the left two camels in Iran pose with all the gusto of ham comedians for Dr. Eugene P. Campbell, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, who used a Leica IIIc. The pastoral scene on the right was taken in Regalbuto, Sicily, by V. Fiorenza, of Brooklyn, with a Rolleiflex. These pictures are candidates for the twenty-six prizes offered in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photographic Contest, including the Grand Prize of a trip around the world via Pan American World Airways' giant airliners. November 1 was the deadline for contest entries.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Rome in the Gloamin'

ROME.

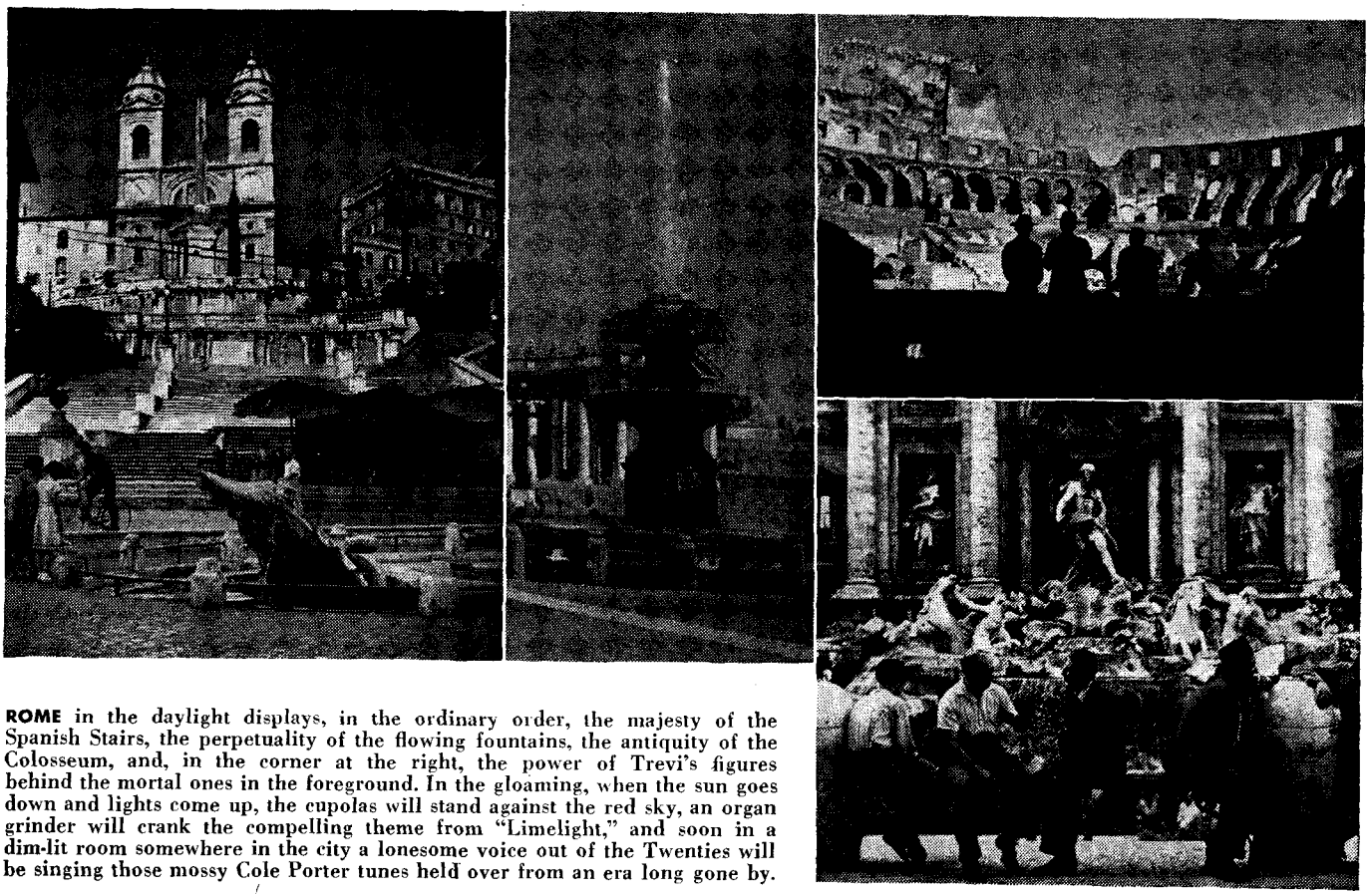
COMING in from the airport the other day an old Roman hand was good enough to divert me from the customary billboard trail of the airline buses and we rode down the old Appian Way, taking the back route to antiquity. There wasn't a car in sight, and here and there the broad flat cobbles, as big around as a German *teller* mine, protruded through the tar and jarred our tires as they had doubtless done to chariots a thousand years back. Chunks of marble ruins found on the spot have been imbedded in brick walls, pieces of columns that once supported temples lie on the soft green shoulders of the road, and the broken wall of an aqueduct that functions now as a hazard for the golf course of the Rome Country Club rises on the horizon. It was Sunday and Roman couples out from the city sat on the green under the umbrella pines that rise out of the ground and explode into a canopy of green, higher than trees should, as if they had been set on a delayed fuse.

We came into the city past the Colosseum. It was four in the afternoon, the sun struck red against the bricks, and the arches cast long shadows in towards the arena. "Don't you like to know the secret passages?" asked a guide. "Nice cameo?" offered a street hawker, "only three dollars." You shudder. "Speak how much," he implores. Two Italian sailors stroll by, and so do German ecclesiastical students in their scarlet frocks, and the lady who has her nose in the guidebook and sips a Coke.

We walked the triumphal route down the Via dei Fori Imperiali, and as the sun fell behind the ruins a cool damp smell welled up out of the forums below the level of the street. Zinnias bloomed down there, among the bits of broken marble, and up above on the sidewalk a lady walked a black poodle. Two soldiers sauntered past wearing that outlandish hat of the Italian mountaineers with a great plume of feathers growing out of the brim and one side pulled down over the ear. Across the street stood Nerva under the umbrella pines, baton in hand, with the legend beneath his figure that reads: "SPQR, IMP. Caesari, Nervae Aug." Crossing the street to read the inscription I was very nearly knocked down by a truck-driver who was concentrating his baritone on a difficult passage from Puccini.

Rome's glory shines at night when the pale floodlights make the Colosseum a gray apparition at the end of the avenue and other lights play on the immense monstrosity that is the Victor Emanuel Monument facing the square where Mussolini once declaimed from a balcony. But the most thrilling sight is the Trevi fountain after dark, with the lights on the water, and the water rumbling over the figures and overwhelming the square. And it doesn't matter that the legend says if you throw a coin you will return and that you know at four A.M. the waders will be combing the fountain floor for evidences of your sentiment.

Aside from the outdoor spectacles, Rome also glows indoors. There is, for instance, the Biblioteca, which means library, excepting that where the books should be there are bottles lining the walls, ceiling to floor. A trio of musicians stroll the tables while you eat, and when the urge gets too great the headwaiter drops everything and joins in the singing. At Ernesto's, which is on the Piazza Santi Apostoli, you can order *cinghiale*, which is roast boar, *filetto de toro*, which is filet of bull, or *capelle de penicillini arosto*, which is to say broiled mushroom



ROME in the daylight displays, in the ordinary order, the majesty of the Spanish Stairs, the perpetuality of the flowing fountains, the antiquity of the Colosseum, and, in the corner at the right, the power of Trevi's figures behind the mortal ones in the foreground. In the gloaming, when the sun goes down and lights come up, the cupolas will stand against the red sky, an organ grinder will crank the compelling theme from "Limelight," and soon in a dim-lit room somewhere in the city a lonesome voice out of the Twenties will be singing those mossy Cole Porter tunes held over from an era long gone by.

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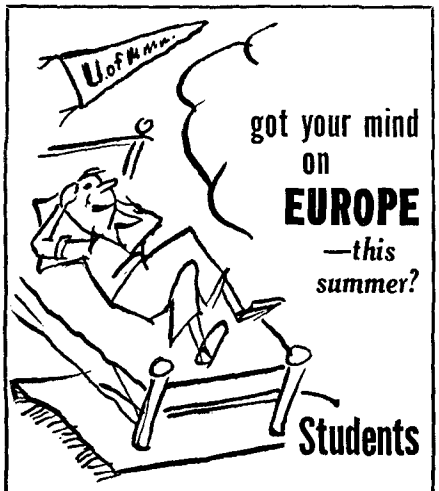

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caps, penicillin coming from mushrooms and the house having a sense of humor. The menu is written in Roman dialect, somewhat ribald, and it is funnier if you bring an interpreter. Romolo's at the Porta Settimiana in Trastevere is a tiny place in the old quarter where a guitar and a tenor fill the air through the dinner hour and beyond. And if you go down to Trastevere by day you can sit in the square even now and have lunch at Galeassi's while the sun streams down and the *vespas* thunder over the cobblestones like racing outboard motorboats.

The plushest of places is the Hostaria dell'Orso, or simply "The Bear,"

Letter en Route

By Gustav Davidson

I look out over the waters of the Pacific,
the dip of frigate birds.
the deployment of clouds across the skies,
and I think of times gone under,
of shapes, magnitudes, dominions
that people no more this air,
and the undiscovered country from whose bourn
no traveler returns.

Wars, ardors, illuminations—
I think of these
and how they succeed one another
in swift reversals, renewals, paradigms
wherein the earth is the eternal celebrant
and man the hunted unicorn
aging in a spring of joy.

Of these things
who shall unloose the mystery
or publish the trivial or awesome purpose
which actuates and determines them?

The sun sinks in royal immersion,
the sea contracts
in multiple sounds of rapidly failing light.

You to whom I address this letter,
whose contours, impulsions, outstreamings
I transmute hourly into
stone, star, flame—

tell me,
are you waiting there
against the rim of this and subsequent
horizons,
arched like a monument on a beach of sand,
your hair blown from your face,
your mouth trembling with annunciation,
your heart a troubled deep
of dread and remembrance?

The constellations blur,
the tears in me flow over:

Extinguish my eyes and I can see you still;
Stop up my ears and I can hear your tread
And, without feet, I still can follow you,
And, without voice, I still can call your name.

Yet pity me
that I no longer can reach out to you
across the small eternities
that root and flower and come to seasonal grief
through all our questing and through all our hope.

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as it is known among doormen and cab drivers, which is Continental and candlelit. There is a bar on the main floor that is all blue and gold and full of piano music, a nightclub on top, and in the middle the restaurant, which has a terrace giving out on the Tiber. At the Piccolo Budapest the violin player will saw the throbbing strings at the edge of your lady's ear lobe, and at the Boîte Pigalle you will find a guitarist and, almost any night, one-time King Farouk, obese and gross in a woolly blue turtleneck sweater.

There is an enclave of 1920 Americana over on the Via Bissolati where Bricktop, who was a filly of the Fitzgerald era, still sings those mossy Cole Porter things with great eclat. Standing there in the dim haze, with her feet apart, belting out the sophisticated sweetness of Porter's "Get Out of Town" or "You Better Go Now," from "New Faces of 1936," the piano trickling along behind her, Bricky has a way of covering the place with great misty clouds of Scott-and-Zelda nostalgia.

FOR another voice from home Americans will find a new corner called the California, also on the Via Bissolati, which dispenses such un-Roman fare as waffles, hot dogs, and hamburgers. While the food is not famous, there is a great attraction in hearing the waiters shout back an order saying, "Datemi una h'appla pie."

Roman food being as good as it is, there is actually no reason for staying close to make-believe American fare except for quick snacks. One can for example, make a meal of the *minestrone* served in the Hotel Mediterraneo. The Mediterraneo and the Hotel Massimo d'Azeglio across the street are known among local gourmets to have two of the best dining-rooms in town. Both places are a walk from Rome's magnificent new railroad station.

Daring types who want to plunge into the local curiosities may dabble in fried turkey or canelloni, which is a roll of dough filled with meat. And fearless pioneers can order *mozzarella in carrozza*, a rectangle of stringy cheese that has been fried. If you fail to eat it before it hardens it can be rather like a wad of Wrigley's done in hot butter.

If you stay at the perennial Excelsior or at the newly redone Flora, which has a fine location at the edge of the Borghese park, or at the Ambasciatori you take your sun at the open cafes that string out along the Via Veneto. Doney's gets the tourists and the stars, Rosati's across the street is for artists and writers, but to my mind it is worth going next door to Carpano's just to sit at the Roman opulence of its fantastic marble counter in the shade of its potted palms.

Here you can sip an Americano and observe the Roman ladies parading the new Roman look. An Americano hasn't much to do with Americans, being a mixture of Compari bitters and soda, and while reminiscent of cough syrup and seltzer it has the advantage of being one-fifth the price of whiskey. As for the ladies, this year's watchword is severity, and also suffering and sadness. Everyone has to look like Anna Magnani or at least as if they had just gotten over the bubonic plague. The ladies are wearing high-necked sweaters with a modest pin at the throat, a suit, a long and skinny umbrella, and gloves. At night the only jewelry may be a long rope of pearls. The new hair-comb is supposed to look as if the lady had recently gotten involved with an electric fan. Or as if her hair had been set with an egg-beater. She wears a gray or mauve shade of powder and no lipstick.

I am not here to deny that this costume makes for a kind of mood, and Rome is nothing if it is not a mood. Wandering down the Via Sistina the other afternoon and browsing in its fine shops, I got to the Piazza Trinita dei Monti, on the heights of the town, at that moment of the late day when the sky is scarlet along the rim of the horizon. The red fades into white and the white into blue that gets darker the higher you look. The dome of St. Peter's was silhouetted against this drop and two other cupolas rose like yeasted muffins alongside. A lone high palm soared out of the city too and stood against the sky, and so did a lamp-post which was somewhat lopsided on top. An organ grinder was there on the terrace, and from his repertoire he had chosen the compelling sadness of the music from "Limelight." And when the song was done and he had moved down the street and the sun was gone and the domes and the palms no longer stood against the sky, you stirred and moved and started down the long flight of the Spanish Stairs. Down at the bottom, by the fountain they call the Barcaccia because it looks like a barge, would be the flower sellers, and you knew you would buy a flower and hold it in your hand as you bumped against the crowds on the narrow sidewalk that runs along the Via Condotti.

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India, Pakistan and the East

BELOW are described a number of important volumes on India, Pakistan, and the East published during the past eighteen months.

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF INDIA. *By Benjamin Rowland. Penguin Books.* $8.50. This volume in "The Pelican History of Art," the work of a professor of fine arts at Harvard, describes the artistic heritage of the recently discovered cities of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro and traces the civilization that followed through fifty centuries until the coming of European influences. There are 300 half-tone illustrations, numerous plans, and other drawings.

ASIA AND THE WEST. *By Maurice Zinkin. Institute of Pacific Relations.* $3.50. This concise reference work details the economic and historic problems faced by Asians.

ASIAN NATIONALISM AND THE WEST. *By William L. Holland. The Macmillan Co.* $5. Major figures on the Asian scene and their public pronouncements are analyzed in terms of their nationalist aspirations.

CASTE IN MODERN CEYLON. *By Bryce Ryan. Rutgers University Press.* $6. The social significance of the prevalent caste system is explained and analyzed by a sociologist who taught in that country.

COME MY BELOVED. *By Pearl Buck. The John Day Co.* $3.75. A novel. The ambitions and frustrations of four generations of a missionary family are played out in an Indian setting.

THE DEDICATED. *By Lizele Reymond. The John Day Co.* $4.50. This fictionalized biography portrays the deeply felt experience of a young Irish teacher (Nivedita) who devotes herself to educational projects in India and learns of its heritage.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF CEYLON. *Johns Hopkins Press.* $7.50. A voluminous study with maps, charts, and statistical tables compiled for the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

THE FINANCIAL EXPERT. *By R. K. Narayan. Michigan State College Press.* $3. The story of a versatile self-promoter and the succession of frauds and delusions through which he makes his fortune and loses it again. The work of one of India's leading novelists whose work is as yet little known in this country.

GRATEFUL TO LIFE AND DEATH. *By R. K. Narayan. Michigan State College Press.* $3. Through the first-person narrative of an Indian college teacher, the noted Indian novelist tackles the problem of man's finding his place in the universe.

FREE INDIA IN ASIA. *By Werner Levi. University of Minnesota Press.* $2.75. A careful study of the pattern and significance of India's current foreign policies.

THE GREAT PEACE. *By Rajah Hutheesing. Harper & Bros.* $3.50. An Indian's viewpoint of Red China's economy and people based on first-hand observations.

THE HIDDEN LAND. *By Ursula Graham Bower. William Morrow & Co.* $4. Personal impressions of India by the author of "Drums Behind the Hill."

INDIA AND THE AWAKENING EAST. *By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper & Bros.* $3.50. A spirited inventory of observations and impressions formed by Mrs. Roosevelt on her recent trip to Pakistan and India.

INDIA, PAKISTAN AND THE WEST. *By Percival Spear. Oxford University Press.* $2. This volume in the Little Home Library gives an overall summary of the relationship and problems of the two countries and us.

JUNGLE LORE. *By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press.* $2.50. The author of "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" tells more stories of hunting wild animals in India and develops a philosophy about the jungle and its ways.

MAHATMA GANDHI: Peaceful Revolutionary. *By Haridas Muzumdar. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2. A close associate of Gandhi, who received a British education in India, gives an objective view of the impact of Gandhi's teachings on India's people.

THE MASK OF A LION. *By A. T. W. Simeons. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50. A picaresque novel whose colorful characters roam the Indian countryside, revealing humor, pathos, and zest for life.

MUSIC FOR MOHINI. *By Bhabani Bhattacharya. Crown Publishers.* $3. The customs of old and the ideas of a modern age clash in this fictional account of the marriage of a young girl and a country scholar.

MY INDIA. *By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press.* $3. Mr. Corbett takes a cross-section of India's people, including laborers, villagers, jungle inhabitants, and tells of their everyday life.

NATIONALISM AND REVOLUTION IN INDONESIA. *By George McTurnan Kahin. Cornell University Press.* $6. An authoritative guide to the history and personalities that have shaped the Indonesia of today.

SEARCH AFTER SUNRISE. *By Vera M. Brittain. St. Martin's Press.* $3. Along with an international group, the author was invited to India only to find it a picture of turmoil at the time of Gandhi's assassination.

SIX DAYS IN MARAPORE. *By Paul Scott. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50. A novel about what befell young Joe MacKendrick during the turmoil attending India's independence.

SOUTHEAST ASIA IN THE COMING WORLD. *Edited by Philip W. Thayer. Johns Hopkins Press.* $4.75. A collection of pertinent studies of the current economic and political forces at work in Southeast Asia.

TIGERLAND AND SOUTH SEA. *By Olle Strandberg. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.75. Wanderlust and natural curiosity send Mr. Strandberg through India, Siam, China, and related areas.

THE UNITED STATES AND INDIA AND PAKISTAN. *By W. Norman Brown. Harvard University Press.* $4.50. An economic, social, and intellectual inventory of India and Pakistan's resources, with stress on their significance for the United States.

VIDEHI: A Novel of Modern Indian Life. *By Charles L. Holden. St. Martin's Press.* $3.50. An Indian woman takes a fling at enjoying the pleasures of "emancipation."

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN? *By Norman Cousins. The Macmillan Co.* $3.50. Drawing on his first-hand experiences in the Far East and Europe, the editor of *The Saturday Review* proposes means to increase international understanding and cooperation.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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Talks with Mohammed Ali

Continued from page 10

hope that before long we will have the problem under control.

Q. A few minutes ago you spoke of the need to raise the living standards of the people as a whole. Would you care to discuss the Government's part in meeting this need?

MOHAMMED ALI. In order to raise the standard of living of the people we have got to start just as you did 200 years ago—industrialize our country because the land is subject to the law of diminishing returns; it cannot increase the production of wealth in the country commensurate with the capital investment. Therefore, if we want to raise the standard of living we have to industrialize our economy. Ours, as you know, is at present basically an agricultural economy. We want to make it a semi-industrial economy.

Q. Have you made much progress in that direction?

MOHAMMED ALI. You are aware no doubt of our disputes with our neighboring country India, mainly over Kashmir's accession to either Pakistan or India. This has resulted in our trying to build our defenses and keeping a standing army in Kashmir, with the result that more than 60 per cent of our national budget is consumed in maintaining and equipping our army. This valuable money—we have slender financial resources—could be utilized for a nation-building program. But we have had to spend this sum for defense for the last six years because we feel, like Patrick Henry of your country, "give us liberty or give us death." We want to preserve our freedom; we want to preserve our liberty; and therefore we are making this supreme sacrifice, spending almost three-quarters of our national budget in building up our defenses to protect our country.

Anyway, we are trying to develop as fast as we can. Probably, if you are here for a few days you will see what we have done. We are proud of our achievements even in so short a time of six years. I know your country has been transformed from an agricultural economy to an industrial one; but it took you about 200 years to do so. Now the tempo of life has increased; we can't wait 200 years to do the same. We have to keep pace with the progress of other countries.

We are grateful, therefore, to your country for the facilities which you provide. Our technicians go to your country and learn your "know-how" and so, when they come back, they increase the pace of our development. We are also grateful to your country and your people for the gift of one million tons of wheat. We were faced with an acute shortage of wheat; we were threatened with famine and distress; and this gift will come as a Godsend. It will serve a two-fold purpose: one, we will be able to meet our food shortage, removing the anxiety of threat and distress; and, secondly, from the proceeds of this one million tons we will be able to go ahead with our development projects, schemes, and programs which we had to put in cold storage because of scarcity of money. We do hope this will give a fillip to the program of industrialization.

We have many other problems—problems which you may find difficult to understand because there is real poverty in this country. The people in the United States cannot possibly imagine what real poverty is. To you poverty means going without a television set perhaps, or a washing-machine or even without a second car, a convertible. But poverty in our country means going without two square meals a day. It means going without a roof over our heads to protect us from inclement weather. It means going half-naked. In your country if a person is poor he hasn't got some of the excellent gadgets which you provide as labor-saving devices. As I say, the magnitude of our problems cannot be understood by the average American and I don't blame him. God has been very kind to the Americans. They deserve it, certainly. In any event, they have the amenities for decent living, whereas we do not.

So we have got all these problems. In order to tackle them, we believe in a democratic system of government, where the people's representatives will be elected to the Parliament and the Government will be responsible to the legislators, and through the legislators to the people. We have for six years proved to the people that we have the tradition which will make us successful in continuing this parliamentary and democratic system of government.

Q. I was interested in your observations concerning the United States, especially when you defined poverty there as going without a television set or a washing-machine. Seriously, I

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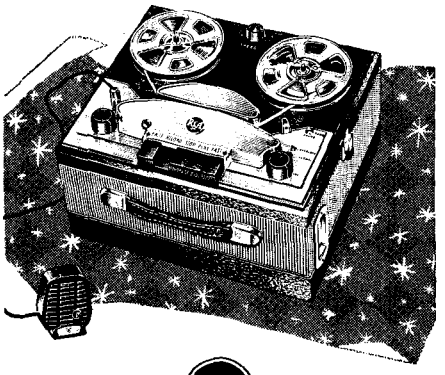

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think that there are probably a great many people in the United States who might feel that for us poverty takes a somewhat more rigid form. We, like other countries, have our problems and we are trying to meet them, even though it may seem at times that we live in a fairyland where everyone, as you say, has two cars. We hope that some day this may come true. If it does I am sure that we will wish the same bounty for everyone else—to the extent, of course, that it may be regarded by everyone else as a bounty. So far as Pakistan and the countries of the Middle and Far East are concerned, I wonder whether you agree that the American people have demonstrated some awareness at least of the magnitude of the problems in those countries, especially with reference to poverty. In the past eight years the United States Government has been working mightily towards helping to improve those conditions in this part of the world.

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, I think the free nations of the world are certainly grateful to the American people for the interest they have taken in helping the underdeveloped countries and in trying to remove poverty from all over the world. That is a debt which the free democracies of the world owe to your great country—a debt which can never be repaid, except that God will reward the American people.

Q. As it concerns industrial development, Mr. Prime Minister, we have learned certain lessons in our own history. Certain mistakes have emerged from our experience. We now feel that perhaps there has been too much centralization in our industrial development. We now learn that too much emphasis has been placed on the building up of vast metropolitan centers. This has created not only problems of congestion in the cities but also industrial problems, since we now discover that the requirements of industrial developments are favored by decentralization. We naturally wonder whether other countries which are now going into a long-range program of industrial development are profiting from our mistakes.

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, in a way. You have succeeded through trial and error but your achievements are probably unsurpassed in industrial development. Although you have made mistakes, you have also corrected them as you went along. We certainly are profiting from the pioneering work done in your country. When our technicians, our scholars, our students, our officials go to your country they learn all the methods that you have adopted. They also learn about the mistakes that you have made, and that is why we think that our economy can be adjusted most suitably to this transition from an agrarian economy to a semi-industrial economy.

Q. Scientists throughout the world these days are exploring the possibility of reclaiming wasteland. In fact, there now seems to be something of a feeling among scientists that it is actually possible for the first time to produce scientifically for the world's population. Does the Government of Pakistan believe it can put science to work in feeding your people?

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, we think so. Our country is potentially self-sufficient in food. For the last two years we have had a shortage due to droughts in some areas and floods in other areas. Then, there is the problem of the large refugee population I spoke of a moment ago. In any event, our scientists, together with the scientists of other countries, participating in the appropriate agencies of the United Nations, are working hard on this matter of making the world's food supply adequate for the world's peoples. Theoretically, of course, it should no longer be necessary for anyone anywhere to starve. Practically the world is in a condition now where the ingenuities and effort that ought to be going into developing hydroponics and the like are going into military preparations. I think I told you a moment ago about the fact that the uncertainty over Kashmir has made it necessary for Pakistan to divert 60 per cent of its budget for military purposes. In this sense our problem is really no different from the rest of the world.

Q. What about your land reclamation projects and your village industrial development projects?

MOHAMMED ALI. We have initiated a fairly large number of projects. One of them is the Thal development project where thousands and thousands of acres of land which have been lying barren and fallow are being brought under cultivation. Then we have certain broad schemes in the Sind which will be able to irrigate desert lands. They, too, will be brought under cultivation. We also have some projects in Eastern Pakistan. Also, the Ganges copperducts scheme in Khulna.

Incidentally, when I was in the United States I visited the Shasta Dam in California, north of Sacramento. I went to see how Americans had tackled a similar problem in the Imperial Valley and lower California and how these lands had been made fertile. There the irrigation was so successful that the water was even made to flow against the natural drainage of the land. The Americans,

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it seems, have conquered even nature. I was interested in this scheme because we can learn much from the progress you made in the fields of irrigation. We will be able to bring plenty of other areas under cultivation. We are very confident that we will be able eventually not only to become self-sufficient in food but to have some surplus.

Q. Do you feel that your own direct knowledge of the United States—that is, through your visits to America and your service recently as Pakistan's Ambassador in Washington—has given you any special impressions of the American people or their policies?

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, I was fortunate enough to have been able to spend a fair amount of time in the United States and Canada. The years I spent there were extraordinarily interesting and fruitful. I drove all over your country. I think I drove through some thirty-seven or thirty-eight of your States—all the way from Los Angeles to Oregon and Washington, and then from Los Angeles up to Washington—the state, not the city. I once drove from Mexico City to Denver and Salt Lake City, a fascinating trip. I had the good luck to travel throughout the New England States. Unfortunately, I was never able to get up to your middle Northwest and see such states as Montana and North Dakota. But everywhere I went I would meet and talk to the American people. That is really the only way to know them. And the knowledge I have gained thereby has been of enormous help to me in my present work.

Anyway, I would have been happy if I could have stayed in the United States for some time longer. But man proposes and God disposes. I can assure you that I value highly the pleasant associations I have made in the United States. I have also been able to learn a great deal about the essential American character of friendliness and helpfulness.

Q. Earlier in our talk you referred to the fact that a great deal of your

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budget was going into defense and that much of this was caused by the difficulties with respect to India over the Kashmir. You have been to Delhi; Mr. Nehru has been to Karachi. As the result of these conversations do you feel that the problem of Kashmir is any nearer a settlement than it was years or even months ago?

MOHAMMED ALI. I should think so. It is slightly nearer now than it was when I took charge of my present office. Mr. Nehru and I have had very free, frank, cordial discussions. We see each other's point of view. We know that there are quite a lot of difficulties in the way but we do hope that, given the determination, given the will and the cooperation of our peoples, we can get nearer and nearer a just solution.

I don't know whether we shall succeed, but we can at least come much closer than we have been. I can assure you that we in Pakistan will do our best to find an honorable settlement—in a peaceful manner.

Q. The other day the American Secretary of State, Mr. Foster Dulles, spoke of the need for a stronger United Nations. The reason I bring this up is because I wonder whether in your mind there may not be some connection, perhaps, with the need for a stronger U.N. and the need to settle disputes such as the one over Kashmir within the framework of a world organization possessing mandatory powers. Would such a U.N. be preferable to unilateral decisions which could lead to war or long and costly drawn-out negotiations, which are not too satisfactory to either side?

MOHAMMED ALI. We favor a strong United Nations—certainly a much stronger one than now exists—if the principle of world organization is to be made truly effective.

Q. What are some of the essentials—I am not seeking an official statement concerning what Pakistan's position would be at the conference itself—what are some of the essentials that would have to go into the making of a world organization in which law and justice are possible?

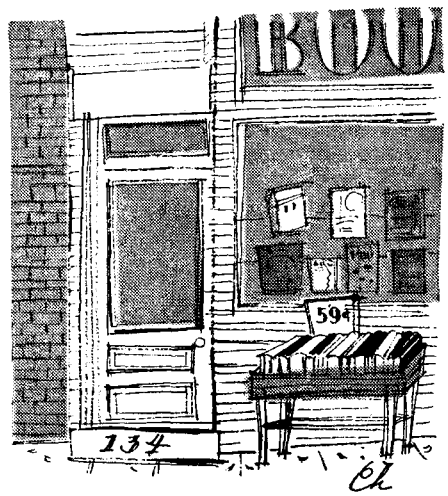
MOHAMMED ALI. I think I can sum up our position thus. We want one world order, not a one-world superstate. We want a world in which all nations—large ones, powerful ones, small ones and weak ones—can live together in peace, concord, and amity, free from any kind of fear—either fear of political domination or economic exploitation. We should like to see the conditions established in which nations can live together as good neighbors. That is the world order which we envisage. In order to ensure that we would like a world organization which would guarantee to all nations, especially the smaller ones, complete freedom from such fears. I don't want to go into details concerning precise changes in the Charter, except to say that we will support all steps or measures necessary to ensure the objectives I have just mentioned.

Q. So the U.N. must have certain additional powers and the ability to enforce its decisions?

MOHAMMED ALI. At present what we find is that the United Nations tends to degenerate into a debating society where all sorts of heated discussions and arguments take place, but where it is difficult to reach fair and prompt decisions. And where decisions have been arrived at it is difficult to implement them. I suppose there is some apprehension that the implementation of decisions may result in the same unhappy results that occurred when the League of Nations made certain decisions which a few large members did not like. Unfortunately, this does not help the cause of world law or world peace. Nor does it help the smaller nations in their disputes with one another. The problem, of course, is how to create the kind of strong world organization which is neither run by the big states for their own benefit, which means no world organization at all, nor run for the benefit of the small states, but a world organization which can provide justice for large and small alike.

Q. In Secretary of State Dulles's speech he pointed out that the U.N. Charter was obsolete even before it was signed. He referred to the fact that it was pre-atomic and unsuitable for a world which had to deal with problems of greater magnitude than ever before. He also said that the Charter was drawn up in such a way as to make it dependent on men rather than on laws. In sum, he proposed a fresh start inside the United Nations. In particular, he said that the United States would support the call for a Review Conference of the United Nations when the question came up in 1955. Will the Government of Pakistan support the American proposal for a Review Conference of the United Nations in 1955?

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, we will support it. It is to the advantage of all nations to support it. We do have here the prospect of a fresh start, and the means very possibly to do a much better job than was done at San Francisco, though the problem is



made much more difficult than it was in 1945 because of the existence at present of severe tensions among nations. Yet all nations should now know the consequences of failure in a way they may not have known then. It would be a great pity if the opportunity of 1955 is lost. There is also the problem of what to do between now and 1955.

Q. Is there any feeling in Pakistan that the American proposal has some strings attached to it? I was disturbed in traveling across Europe to find that there was something of a disposition to regard our support of a Review Conference as the means whereby the United Nations might be disbanded rather than strengthened. The reasoning behind that line of argument is that this would provide the means for forcing some nations out of the U. N. Was there anything about the American proposal that would seem to justify this suspicion or fear?

MOHAMMED ALI. No, the Pakistan Government believes it was not the intention of the Secretary of State to propose a Review Conference in order that the U. N. might thereby be dissolved. We accept the proposal at face value and will support it in the United Nations. It is certainly in the interest of all nations to come to such a Review Conference in good faith, because such a conference, if successful, can give the nations what we all now so badly need—the basis for an enforceable peace. In any event, it is what a nation does at the Review Conference that will determine its true position on world peace.

Q. Would Pakistan be willing to accept the decision of such a strengthened U. N., in vital disputes—as for example, over Kashmir?

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes, certainly; that is all that we have been asking for.

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We have pleaded for this very thing. We wanted arbitration, we wanted mediation, we wanted a binding decision of the U. N.; we wanted a disinterested third party to arrange a fair settlement. That is all that we have asked for. We shall certainly abide by the decisions of such a world organization.

Q. Would you agree that if the U. N. is to have adequate authority it must have compulsory jurisdiction? Would the nations be willing to submit themselves to the authority of a superior agency in those matters concerned with common security? Would Pakistan be willing to be part of such a world organization?

MOHAMMED ALI. It would be, provided we bear one fact in mind. The U. N. should not in any way mean encroachment on the internal sovereignty of any nation. So long as there is no such encroachment all nations should welcome the existence of an organization that after all ensures and guarantees their sovereignty and independence.

Small and weak nations especially should welcome a proposal like that once it is made clear that their own independence is being guaranteed by the U. N.

Q. Yes; the reports I have seen at this distance concerning Mr. Dulles's proposal would seem to suggest that the Secretary did not intend that a strong United Nations would encroach on the sovereignty of nations, but actually that a strong United Nations with effective authority in the area of the world law would be necessary to ensure the individual sovereignty and freedom of nations, large and small.

MOHAMMED ALI. As I said, we do not want a world superstate. The nations should be independent, quite sovereign, and yet part of an organization which, let us say, will be a sort of Parliament of Man, in which international disputes could be settled peacefully under duly constituted authority—an authority that has power to implement its decisions.

Q. In sum, then, that would be a United Nations with powers of government strictly confined to those matters concerned with common dangers and common needs.

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes.

Q. Turning to the problem of Asia, Mr. Prime Minister, how do you see Pakistan's role in the vast upheavals now going on throughout the continent?

MOHAMMED ALI. Pakistan is situated in such a manner that we are astride the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. Now one part of Pakistan is next to the Middle East countries—the Moslem nations; and another part of Pakistan is situated on the border of Burma, just on the Eastern side of India.

Therefore, we are located both in Asia and in the Middle East Zone and we are in a position to serve as a bridge between the two. Also, we have our political affiliations with the Commonwealth countries. And there are religious and cultural links with the Middle Eastern countries which enable us to serve as a bridge, too, between the Moslem world and the Western democracies.

Therefore, we feel a sense of great responsibility in world affairs. We can interpret the Moslem world to the Western democracies and vice versa. In the same way, we have certain responsibilities to Asia. I can assure you we will do our best to promote good will between the Middle East countries, Asia and the West.

Q. Is there any prospect of an economic regionalism—an economic regional integration between Pakistan and India under which both countries would preserve their national sovereignty and their independence, but under which also, in the economic sphere, both would recognize their interdependence and act accordingly?

MOHAMMED ALI. I don't think I should be right in saying that there is so much interdependence. The country before partition was geared to one economy, so for some time this economy was disrupted. But because of this lack of friendly cooperation between India and Pakistan we had to find alternate sources of supply for raw materials, industries, and ultimate markets, with the result that in six years' time we have evolved a pattern of economy which has become independent.

So, if there is cooperation it will be in the form of one sovereign country having a relationship with its neighbor. I don't think that the question of any interdependence arises; and I think I am voicing the opinion of the people of Pakistan when I say that we would like to preserve our independence—even our economic independence. We would like to have greater economic cooperation but we would not like to bring back that interdependence again. We would like to continue our independent pattern.

Q. Thank you, Mr. Prime Minister. Now, at the close of this interview, is there anything that you would especially like to say to the people of the United States?

MOHAMMED ALI. Yes; thank you for your gift of one million tons of wheat. Thank you, too, for the hospitality and cordiality shown me by the American people in the states that I visited when I was Ambassador. I cherish very happy recollections of the friendships I made there, and I hope that I shall at some time or other, return, resume those old friendships and make new ones.

Mohammed Ali: "We serve as a bridge between Asia and the Middle East."

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Talks with Nehru

Continued from page 12

difficult—is to try to get rid of the terrible prevalence of fear. Fear, in a way, is almost worse, I suppose, than any other reaction, because if you are afraid you are apt to act wrongly. You will feel hatred of the person you are afraid of. You will try to injure that person or group. And fear generates fear on the other side; fear is an expanding thing. So every step might well be judged according to whether it increases or decreases the element of fear in the world. If there is less fear then there is more reasoned thinking, more understanding. If there is more fear, well, one thinks poorly and only acts in an excited, and usually in the wrong way.

Q. Would you say that there is more or less fear in the world today—justified or unjustified fear—than when we spoke two years ago?

NEHRU. Now I don't know. I should have thought on the whole that there might be a little less; but it is difficult to measure these things. Various good things have happened in recent months—the Korean War has ended, at least for the time being; there's certainly a relaxation in Europe, a very marked relaxation of that fear complex and expectation of disaster of which I spoke a moment ago and which, I think, prevailed much more two years ago. So, in that sense I should say that conditions are somewhat better. Yet in a more basic sense, in the historical sense, they're much the same.

Q. Has the death of Stalin had anything to do with the lessening of this tension? Do you believe that the passing of the Soviet dictator marks the beginning of a real change inside Russia?

NEHRU. I do not know how far the death of Stalin has resulted in anything special; but certainly since the death of Stalin many things have happened inside Soviet Russia itself. Also there have been a few things done by the Soviet which may have relaxed tension somewhat in Europe. Now it is quite immaterial what the motive behind that may be. The fact is some of the tensions have eased and therefore it is welcome.

Q. What are some of the actual things that have been done by the Soviet that you feel have justified such an easing or relaxation of world tensions? Have the words been matched by deeds?

NEHRU. I think the new Soviet leaders have done some things apart from saying them. There have been some changes for the better in Austria. Even in the Soviet-occupied territories in Eastern Europe we have seen certain steps—not very big, to be sure, but certain steps—in the direction of a relaxation of tension. One has the impression that the new Soviet regime may be trying to concentrate on Russia's own economic development. Whatever the reason may be, there is little doubt in my mind that they are trying something of a new approach in their policy.

Q. Would you say, Mr. Prime Minister, that there is any basic change in the long-range policy of the Soviet, apart from a possible present change in tactics?

NEHRU. I don't quite know what you mean by "long-range," because nobody today can really talk in terms of, let us say, decades. But I think there has been a definite change in a particular direction and it is likely to endure for the next few years. Now, what happens after that nobody can say. Also, I think that the current feeling in the Soviet Union, or at any rate in their top-ranking people, is that by showing results in the economic field in their own country they can produce a more powerful impression on the rest of the world than through other means.

Q. There seems to be a feeling on the part of some nations, including the United States, that one contribution the Soviet could make to the building of a more stable world is by helping to develop the United Nations itself. You may recall that the last time we spoke you referred to the need for a "fresh start" inside the United Nations in order to give it such strength as would be required to guarantee the independence of the individual nations and to protect the world against aggression through workable world law. I believe you also called attention to the work of Mahatma Gandhi in this particular direction. Would you say that the events of the past two years have strengthened you in this belief?

NEHRU. Yes, I do feel strengthened in that belief. It may be on account of events; it may be on account of my own thinking. As for the United Nations, it is facing a difficult time and unless some fresh adjustments are made the internal conflicts of the U. N. may increase. It is not particularly easy to suggest what the adjustments should be because these matters, after all, are not merely legal or constitutional. It is not the fault of the United Nations, which actually reflects conditions in the world. If the world doesn't pull together properly the United Nations is affected. And so, while we may try to improve the United Nations, the real thing is to improve the environment of the United Nations or the things that are happening in the world. To repeat, we should try to lessen the world fear complex. If we do this it helps to create a proper atmosphere for the consideration of important problems. This helps in the possible reshaping or reorganization of the United Nations, so that it can protect the independence of nations and prevent the interference of one nation in the affairs of another and, at the same time, bring about a fuller cooperation of the nations as a whole.

Q. Do I take it from what you have just said that India will support such a fresh examination of the problem of the U. N. when the question of Charter Revision comes up in 1955 on the agenda of the United Nations?

NEHRU. Certainly. Exactly in what form it comes up, of course, I do not know, and much would depend upon that. When one talks about the inde-

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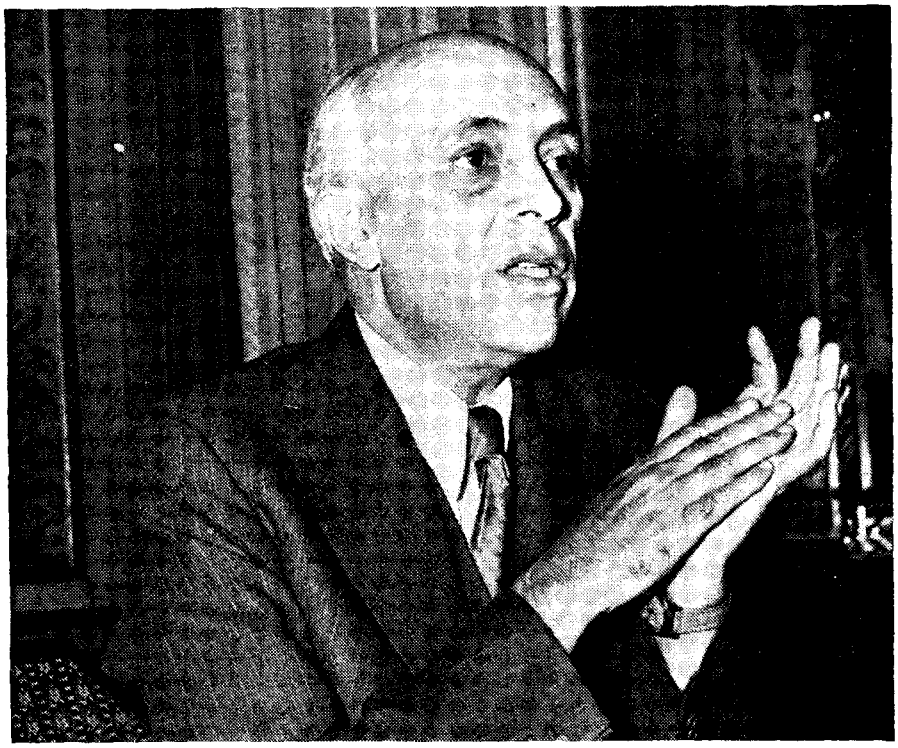

Nehru: "The United States can help the world build itself."

pendence of nations remember that in the mind of the average Indian or the average Asian the fact springs up that there are many countries in Asia which are not independent. What about them? Many policies are being pursued in Asia and Africa which are the reverse of policies meant to preserve the independence or the national cultures or the way of life of any particular country. So that before we start thinking of putting the rest of the world right the part of the world which is not right should be put right.

Q. Would these logically be some of the questions that should come up at a U.N. Review Conference in 1955?

NEHRU. They ought to come up in some form or another, certainly, because they are very vital questions. Almost all over Asia today you find that these are primary questions in the minds of people. Even in Africa today these questions are very much to the fore.

Q. Here in India I have been tremendously heartened by the evidence of progress since my previous visit. For example, I have gone out to places where there used to be refugee camps—I was looking for people I had met two years ago—and I was happy to learn that they had long since been resettled. And as I go around the countryside; as I see green fields where not long ago there were brown fields caused by the drought; as I see more food and clothes in the stores I become heartened, as I say, by this evidence of progress. Would you care to review, from the desk of a Prime Minister, the principal steps that have been taken in the last two years to improve conditions in India?

NEHRU. I think it is true that we have been making progress on many fronts—certainly in regard to the rehabilitation of refugees. Also in developing a number of our industries. Most heartening of all, I think, is the improvement in our food situation. I can't say that we have solved the food problem, but we have gone much further than we thought we could go. In fact, we have done in a year or two a large part of what we had thought would take five years to accomplish. So that is all to the good. But at the same time an ever-increasing sense of urgency oppresses us. And it is good that this should be so, because nothing is more dangerous than a feeling of complacency. It is all too easy for governments to make this mistake. At the present moment the overall problem which is most in people's minds here is the problem of unemployment—chiefly urban but really both urban and rural—and we are giving it hard thought.

Q. What are some of the problems in addition to unemployment?

NEHRU. Unemployment surely covers so many problems that if we solve that problem we will have solved nearly all our problems. You see, we start with political problems. The internal political problem has been largely solved by independence. After the political problem comes the economic problem, which for us—an underdeveloped country—is a terrific one. It involves the economic health of all our people—providing opportunities of growth to all of them. Some of the particular economic problems you may have in America or Western Europe are still too far off for us to consider since we have to deal with these primary problems. When we manage that we can think some more about the rest. Of course, we do think about these advanced problems too, but meanwhile there is the problem of finding food, housing, clothing, education, health for our people, who increase four or five million every year. Obviously, the best way to achieve all this is through regular employment. Therefore the problem of unemployment can better be expressed as the problem of employment—employment for all. Education, health, and other social services and activities, as I said, are directly connected with employment.

About two years back we announced a program we hoped to complete in the ensuing five years. We presented an outline and invited criticism. After a year we finalized our program but, in doing it, we made great changes and, I think, improved it. Now, after another year, we find that we should change it still more; that is, move faster, paying attention more especially to this problem of fuller employment. We are, at the present moment, trying to revise that program with this in view.

Q. You spoke two years ago of your hopes that India might be able to develop village projects—local projects—that might preserve the cultural values of village life yet provide the means for fuller employment and for improving the health and living conditions of the Indian people. Has anything specific taken shape along these lines?

NEHRU. As far as I remember, when you came two years back there was not much said about community centers. Was there?

Q. No.

NEHRU. That is a new thing entirely. Well, these community centers are not absolutely new but certainly represent for us a new approach to the old problem and, I think, a very hopeful one. We want to spread them out all over the country. In the first years we started fifty-five such developments. Each center comprises, I think, some 300 villages, divided up

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into blocks of a hundred. We started in a fairly big way, and we have slowly increased the number of centers. And in the course of five years we should really cover about a third of India.

Right now we are going in a slightly different direction from before by instituting what is called a national extension service—rural, of course—which will cover much more rapidly the other areas, though not quite so intensively. We always have to decide, of course, whether to spread our activity or to concentrate in some areas. It's not a good idea to spread our activity so thin that it doesn't show at all.

Q. What about the condition of village life in general today?

NEHRU. We are also thinking in terms of improving the living standards of the villages. We want as well to improve the agricultural standards and the cultural standards. We are attacking another problem—the drift to the towns. We have had, as you know, a considerable migration to the cities.

But in many of the cities there is little additional work to be had. And so most newcomers join the ranks of the unemployed. Now, if we can build up the villages and offer jobs as well as a measure of some kind of cultural life we stop this dangerous drift. So this whole idea of community centers has set us thinking along new lines.

In addition to those centers, we are having a national extension service which, in the course of the next three or four years, is meant to cover almost the whole of India—all 600,000 villages. It's a terrific job, and apart from the finances involved in it the real difficulty is in training human beings. Therefore, we have training programs in a large number of centers. That is, we are training them not as specialists as much as good village-level workers.

We are now in the process of training some 80,000 village-level workers. That helps the employment program, too.

Q. I should be very proud, Mr. Prime Minister, if the American people, through their program of technical assistance or through the work of private foundations, have been helpful in the development of your community centers.

NEHRU. Yes, they have been helpful, and they will probably be even more helpful in the future.

There is also another side to this general problem; that is, while we want technological development, we do not want technological development if it means technological unemployment. We don't want greater productivity at the expense of large numbers of human beings who would be thrown on the scrap heap, you might say. So we must balance the two.

Q. I had in mind not only American technologists but all the Americans who have come over to help. Today, for example, I met a group of American students from the University of California at Los Angeles. They told me of the schools in India they had helped to build with their bare hands. They told me of their work in the villages.

I think these young people reflected something very deep in our country. It is the desire to have a human compact with the people of India and, indeed, with the people of the world. Wherever I have gone in the United States I have found this desire, and I am especially glad that I found it being fulfilled in India itself, where it could become apparent to the Indian people.

NEHRU. Yes, I met this group of students and I have met a number of groups of students from the United States. I have been very much impressed by them—not only because of their general friendliness but because of their outlook—an eagerness to be cooperative, friendly, to learn and if possible to teach. And generally they behave in a manner which brings them very near to us. I think they have been very good ambassadors to India.

Q. To return to my opening question, Mr. Prime Minister. Some time ago, before we set up these microphones, you were philosophizing about the future of the human race. May I ask you, whether, in the light not only of the events of the past two years but in the light of your total experience in and out of government—whether you are optimistic or pessimistic about the future?

NEHRU. As I said at the start, that is a question which, if you like, one can try to answer in a sentence or two or in a book—and still not answer it. Looking at the long perspective of history, however, one sees all kinds of terrible tragedies occurring and I have no doubt that during those periods this very same question was asked: namely, what is going to happen to the human race? Is it going to be submerged in barbarism? But, in spite of all those tragedies and disasters, the human race has survived, and I have no doubt today that man will survive—whatever lies ahead. He has an amazing endurance. Whether one can justify that by logic or reasoning or not, one has an inner feeling that it must happen.

Q. I am deeply grateful to you for this discussion today, Mr. Prime Minister. Once again, as I did the last time, I wonder whether there are any closing words you would like to say to the American people?

NEHRU. I forget what I said the last time and I certainly don't wish to repeat myself; but it is obvious that in the world today the United States has an extraordinarily important task to fulfil and a tremendous responsibility. When a nation or a people are in that situation everything that they do—big or small—produces an effect that is felt all over the world. I hope and believe that the United States — or rather the people of the United States —will utilize this great historic chance before them and that they will help the world to help itself, for ultimately everyone has to stand on his own feet. But certainly the United States can help the world to build and develop itself. And it can help to create that atmosphere of lack of fear and lack of hatred that can yet bring about a certain spirit of cooperative endeavor, of live and let live.

Q. Because of what you have just said, are you optimistic about good relations between India and America?

NEHRU. I consider these good relations very important, naturally, because America, as I said, has such a great responsibility. What we do or do not do is powerfully affected by our relations with America. Therefore, I would like to work for continuing good relations and I am quite convinced that in doing so I am only doing the same thing that is being done by so many Americans themselves.

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Good News

▶ The Cambridge School in Weston, Mass., an independent preparatory school, is building a $50,000 addition to its gymnasium facilities for only $25,000. Boy and girl students, faculty members, and professional builders are working together on the construction, under the supervision of a professional master builder. Such creative work in addition to academic instruction is part of the philosophy of the school. It is good for children and young people to have a share in creating the facilities for study which they will use, and much of value is learned in the process, including the fine, old-fashioned virtues of precision, accuracy, hard work, skill, and cooperation. "We are consciously seeking to help our students appreciate the craftsmanship of skilled labor . . . and to show what is possible in terms of constructive and creative activity," says Mr. M. Adolphus Cheek, Jr., headmaster of the school. "I've seen in American education . . . too much of the spirit of having things done for you. More of the spirit of the pioneers is needed, and of the old, American tradition of the whole community working together."

▶ The power of the individual American's "pen" remains paramount in this land. Several months ago Attorney General Brownell was ready to appoint State Senator Warren Gill as U.S. District Attorney for Oregon. Then a few Oregonians, checking Gill's voting record, discovered he had opposed a law which would bar restaurant proprietors from preventing customers lunching with whomever they desired regardless of race. They took their pens in hand, wrote letters to officialdom, and passed the word along. As of this date Gill remains unappointed.

▶ Egyptian women are going to receive complete political, social, and economic equality with men if the new constitution being drafted in Egypt is finally adopted. The Women's Rights section of the new constitution is based on Article 2 of the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights.

▶ Mr. William Helis, Jr., whose father was an immigrant to the United States from Greece, has presented the three lots adjoining the Greek Embassy in Washington to the Government of Greece "for the purpose of erecting a building in which Greek art, handicraft, and the work of the Greek people can be displayed."

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(Continued from page 65)

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ARTISTS-SCULPTORS. Would you like your art displayed before a LARGE public? For a nominal fee we will take care of all arrangements including sales. Box R-526.

PUBLICITY WRITERS needed throughout the nation to write newspaper stories about fascinating new craft items. This may be your chance to break into an excellent creative field. Write, giving names and circulation of newspapers in your area, plus a brief resume on yourself. Ben Singer, Public Relations Director, Palmer Inc., 21600 Wyoming, Oak Park 37, Michigan.

CLUBMEMBER! Need a ghost for that assignment? REFERENCE AID, 59 Salem Lane, Evanston, Illinois.

MAN, 29, excelling in history, art, real estate, some writing, seeks position as confidential secretary. Box R-513.

WANTED TO DO—book reviewing, evaluating. Box R-514.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $4 to $8, doubles from $8 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17, ELdorado 5-7300.

BACHELOR, 40, planning European trip, desires another to share expenses. Box R-520.

YOUNG Male Secretary desires position, preferably the arts. Box R-522.

WANTED: BRITISH educated woman, literary experience, to edit manuscript. Box R-380.

LINCOLNIANA Collectors, ART Lovers: Heroic LINCOLN head, original signed 4-color woodcut, 16 x 21, $35. Artist represented nationally famous museums. AMEN, 224 West 4 St., NYC.

ROUND AND FAT—Cape Cod Pine Cones to decorate tree, table, gifts. $1 a dozen. THINGS, Box 231, Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

BUSINESS FOR SALE

BOOKSHOP, Washington. Specialty foreign affairs; excellent clientele; promising future. Includes lending library which may be sold separately. Box R-400.

FLOURISHING BOOKSHOP. Nationally publicized. Established 16 years - same ownership; excellent clientele. Central location. Inquiries invited for qualified buyers. Box 175, Palm Springs, California.

PROFITABLE LECTURE BUREAU established 25 years. Nationally known; active clients; excellent list. Rare opportunity. Box R-500.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

FOR RENT: Top floor, housekeeping apartment, small brownstone house, Sutton Place vicinity, to quiet, responsible businesswoman or couple. Available January 15. Box R-521.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

STORYBOOK HOUSE for sale in Tryon, N. C.—the Blue Ridge Mt. wonderland developed by Actor William Gillette, best known as Sherlock Holmes. An enchanting 9-room French Provincial house with steep-pitched slate roof, 2-story entrance hall, curved stairway. 4 corner bedrooms, 2½ baths. *Built without regard for cost on an acre of woodland.* For illustrated brochure SR-60508, ask your broker or PREVIEWS Inc., 1518 Walnut St., Philadelphia 2. PEnnypacker 5-1400.

BRISTOL, R. I., House with 20 acres. Exceptionally quiet location, suitable for writer. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern equipment, 2-car garage. Box R-507.

CHARMING, sunny 4-bedroom house, 2 acres, fireplace, oil burner, large cellar, good water. $15,000. Terms. CHICHESTER, Mahopac, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA THERMAL BELT 100-acre estate; sweeping views, dramatic house and garden typifying old world charm. 3 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms of simple elegance and style. Caretaker, garage and other buildings. $80,000. Details on request. Box R-502.

TRAVEL

SEE EUROPE in small groups, leisurely, comfortably, economically. Spring Tour FRANCONIA March 26; 3 months, 14 countries, including Spain, Scandinavia. Summer Student Tour SAMARIA June 23; 2½ months. For outstanding values, BUNGEY-STREET TRAVEL SERVICE, Palo Alto, California.

EUROPE IN 1954. Wide selection conducted and independent tours. Reserve now. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts.

GOING TO EUROPE? We prepare low-cost or super-deluxe itineraries for individual or group trips. Write: O'BRIEN TOURS, P.O. Box 4935, Washington 8, D. C.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL INN. Fairhope, Alabama. Charming, delightful, homelike. Write for folder.

CROW'S NEST TRIPS to EUROPE, Seventh Summer 1954. We had a splendid trip last summer in our two DeSotos. Next summer, again, Language Teacher and French Wife will take a mixed age group to LONDON, PARIS, MADRID, ROME and other exciting places. Donald R. Hart, Jr., 7326 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Phone Chestnut Hill 8-0837.

COUNTRY WEEKENDS at Lenox, Massachusetts. All sports available. Special rates and arrangements for groups. Write AVALOCH, Dept. A, Lenox, Massachusetts, or phone NYC, MUrray Hill 8-5952, between 8-10 A.M. or 5-7 P.M.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate. Delightful walks midst woods and rolling hills. Horses, golf nearby. Country auctions. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, BANTAM, CONNECTICUT.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

CHRISTMAS AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Crystal splendor. Roaring fires. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for a sparkling Christmas-New Year's vacation. TOM GLAZER and his guitar, daily art lessons, ice skating, skiing, tobogganing, roaring fireplaces, folk and square dancing, lots of books and records. Write or call Lenox 8677.

CONNECTICUT HIDEWAY for discerning people. Lighthouse Inn and Keeper's Lodge, chic weekend resort 2½ hours from New York on coastline at New London. Orchestra Saturdays. European plan. Doubles, private tiled bath, $6 to $10.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1029

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Serving to disclose character, conditions, etc.

B. Capable of being procured.

C. Carried oneself.

D. That which has reality or distinctness of being.

E. Visual purple, enabling animals to see at night.

F. Serving as a covering.

G. That instrument by which the gas station man measures the proportion of water to antifreeze in the radiator of a car.

H. What Louis XIV identified himself with (quoted by Napoleon of himself in 1814).

I. Where Magna Charta was signed, 1215.

J. Mencken defines this as "an altercation on the baseball field"; U.S. slang.

K. To follow up by patient inquiry or observation.

WORDS

141 30 3 183 35 18 80 163 109 15

118 54 42 31 49 40 167 174 131 110

60 196 138 55 145 180 24

146 120 107 39 176 7

147 123 170 200 178 100 155 2 74

92 113 41 135 75 160 187 19 51 197 44

151 168 8 64 79 117 65 111 165 98

152 203 190 156

153 202 96 162 105 177 11 169 116

69 189 175 48 6 179 34

70 184 115 104 37 136 73 17 193 137 106

DEFINITIONS

L. What Poe was pondering over just before the visit of his raven (2 wds.).

M. Shared with Word W the 1953 Nobel Prize for Medicine.

N. Followed by "of the That", title of Margaret Fuller's best lecture; quiddity, essential nature (2 wds.).

O. Science which treats of the precipitation of rain, snow, etc.

P. One who sees an object or act or event.

Q. One kind of cleansing operation which never ceases at the U.N. Secretariat (2 wds.).

R. One who is away from his country, office, duty, etc.

S. Soft, thick cloth of silk mixed with wool, rayon, or cotton.

T. Fashionable.

U. Unfathomable.

V. Deep-rooted; habitual.

W. See Word M.

WORDS

89 46 130 143 43 171 121 10 134 125 63 166 108

57 159 91 133 142

94 128 199 82 81 22 173 29 20 195 32

85 148 99 59 62 114 45 72 61

154 33 158 112 9 185 27 58 21 181

25 186 191 53 201 5 127 13 161 90 83 50 1

87 172 56 36 66 103 4 139

149 192 76 164 182 97 119 12 88

93 67 14 126 129 194 157

95 78 77 122 38 28 101

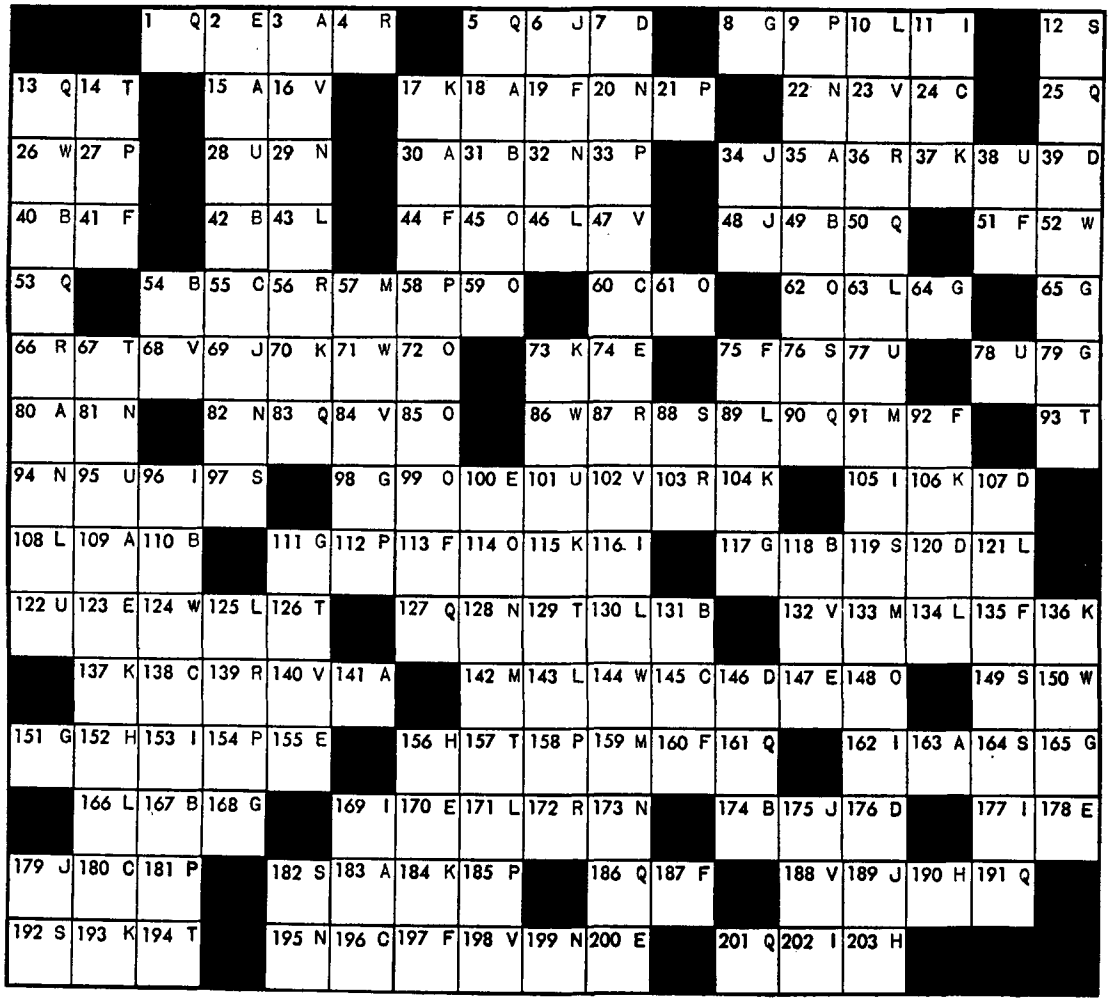
140 23 198 68 84 16 47 132 188 102

144 26 150 86 124 52 71

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 59 of this issue.

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